



The Black Joke or



The Black Joke or

THE
JOVIAL JESTER;
OR
TIM. GRIN'S DELIGHT,

BEING A COLLECTION OF
WIT AND LAUGHTER;

CONTAINING A SELECTION OF

HON NOBS
WHIMS
FROLICS
HUMOURS
PUNS

REPARTEE
WAGGARIES
HON MOTS
QUIBBLES
STORIES

WHITTICISMS
FABLES
ADVENTURES
BULLS
TALES

ANECDOTES
JESTS
GIBES
SATYRS
&c. &c.

AND OTHER INGENIOUS FLIGHTS.

Which will expel Care, drown Grief, and banish the Spleen; and
containing more **REAL WIT** in one Page than can be
found in a Volume in other Publications.

Compiled by the **CHOICE SPIRITS** at the
PIAZZA COFFEE HOUSE, | SHAKESPEARE,
BEDFORD COFFEE-HOUSE | FOX'S,
JUPIN'S, | COVENT-GARDEN,
ROSE, | DRURY-LANE THEATRE,

And other merry and diverting Places of Entertainment.

*Hence, Father Care, begone from me,
For I'm a Son of true Festivity.*

L O N D O N:
PRINTED FOR W. LANE, LEADENHALL-STREET.

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J O V I A L J E S T E R,

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T I M. G R I N ' S D E L I G H T.

A RIDER to a capital house in Watling-street, being on a journey, was attacked a few miles beyond Winchester, by a single highwayman, who taking him by surprise, robbed him of his purse and pocket book, containing cash and notes to a considerable amount. Sir, (said the rider with great presence of mind, I have suffered you to take my property, and you are very welcome to it : It is my master's, and the loss cannot do him much harm : but as it will look very cowardly in me to have been robbed without making any resistance, I should take it kind in you just to fire a pistol through my hat. With all my heart (said the highwayman), whereabout will you have the ball ?"—Here, said the rider, just by the side of the button—The unthinking highwayman was as good as his word ; but the moment he fired, the rider knocked him off his horse, and with the assistance of a traveller, who just at that time arrived, lodged the highwayman in Winchester Goal.

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The Marquis of Carmarthen being at Mitchener's coffee-room at Margate, was much solicited by a poor man to buy some toothpicks. Well, said the Marquis, what is the price of your toothpicks? A guinea a piece, replied the man. A guinea a piece! said the Marquis, why toothpicks must be very scarce at Margate, surely, by your asking such an exorbitant price? No, replied the man, toothpicks are not scarce here, but *Marquises* are.

Foote was very fond of good eating and drinking, and naturally frequented those tables where the best was to be found. He one day not long before his death, called upon an Alderman in the city (with whom he was intimately acquainted) just at dinner time, when, instead of the usual delicacies, he saw only some green peas soup, and a neck of mutton; he suffered both to be taken away, and said he should wait for something else. The alderman could not refrain telling him, that they had an accident in the morning which spoiled the whole dinner, and nothing had escaped the catastrophe but these two dishes, for the kitchen chimney had fallen in. Oh! is it so, said Foote, then John, bring back the mutton, for I see it is *neck* or *nothing* with us.

A party of gentlemen at the Baptist's Head Coffee-house, one evening, made an appointment to set out early the next morning for Cox-Heath camp; one of them said he was so drowsy in a morning, that he could not wake without being called. An Irish gentleman, one of the party, said, for his part, it was no trouble to him, to rise early, for he had been so fortunate as to buy an alarm, and therefore he had nothing to do but to *pull the string*; and then he could *wake himself* at what hour he pleased.

A rider to a capital house in the city, celebrated for his humour, as very many of his fraternity are, being
at

at Bristol, invited no less than six quakers to sup with him at his quarters : presently after, some of the friends were anxious to hear the rider sing, but being inconsistent with their plan of purity, to request to profane a favour, they went a round about way to work. Friend, said one, ' Dost not thee sometimes amuse thyself by singing a song ? ' I do, said he, ' Then if thou art inclined, resumed old broad brim, to amuse thyself after that manner now, we shall not oppose thee. ' After repeated solicitations of this kind, he began to amuse himself in that way, and the friends seemed as much amused as he. It is to be observed, that it was Saturday night, and the clock struck twelve just as he had sung three verses of a song, not famed for its strict accordance with the rules of modesty ; the rider paused, and said he did not chuse to proceed, as it was Sunday morning. -- *Thou mayst finish thy song, friend,* said one of them, *for I can assure thee that clock goes five minutes too fast.*

In a storm at sea, Mr. Swain, chaplain of the Rutland, asked one of the crew, if he thought there was any danger ? O yes, replied the sailor, if it blows as hard as it does now, we shall all be in Heaven before twelve o'clock to night. The chaplain terrified at the expression, cried out, *O God forbid !*

A gentleman being under the hands of a political barber who was shaving his head, the tonfor was giving him an account of the feat of the late war in America, and describing General Provost's situation before Charles-Town. The barber growing rather tedious, and talking too much, the gentleman told him that he hoped he was not *drawing a map of the country on his head with a razor.*

The famous Weston, of facetious memory, having borrowed on note, the sum of five pounds, and failing in payment, the gentleman who had lent the money, took occasion indiscreetly to talk of it in the public coffee-house,

house, which obliged Weston to take notice of it ; so that it came to a challenge. Being got into the field, the gentleman a little tender in the point of courage, offered him the note to make it up, to which our hero readily consented, and had the note delivered. But now, said the gentleman, if we should return without fighting, our companions will laugh at us ; therefore let us give one another a slight scratch, and say we wounded one another. With all my heart, says Weston, *come, I'll wound you first* ; so drawing his sword, he whipt it through the fleshy part of his antagonist's arm, till he brought the very tears in his eyes. This done, and the wound tied up with a handkerchief ; Come, said the gentleman, *Where shall I wound you ?* Weston putting himself in a posture of defence, *Where you can, by G—d, Sir.* Well, well, says the other, *I can swear I received this wound of you, and so marched off contentedly.*

On a certain lady's meeting a gentleman whom she had not seen for some time, asked him if he was married ? No, madam, replied he. How extremely well and fresh you look, cried the lady, surely you make use of viper broth ? On the contrary, madam, said the gentleman, the cause I look so well is, *that I am not married, and consequently have nothing to do with Vipers.*

When the celebrated Beau Nash was ill, Doctor Cheyne wrote a prescription for him. The next day the doctor coming to see his patient, enquired if he had followed his prescription ? No faith Doctor, said Nash, *if I had I should have broke my neck, for I threw it out of a two pair of stairs window.*

A highwayman presenting a blunderbuss to a gentleman in his chariot, demanded his money, with the usual compliment : the gentleman readily surrendered his purse, containing about sixty guineas, and told the highwayman, that for his own safety, he had better put the robbery

robbery upon the footing of an exchange, by selling him the blunderbuss for what he had just now taken from him. With all my heart said the highwayman, and gave it the gentleman, who instantly turned the muzzle towards him, and told him if he did not re-deliver his purse he would shoot him. That you may, *if you can*, replied the highwayman, for I promise you *it is not loaded*, and rode off very coolly with his booty.

At an entertainment given by the heads of a parish, to which Charles Bannister was invited, the company, when the glass had gone round a little, began to sing and be merry; when the clerk of the parish, who sung very agreeably, was so conscious of his merit, that he began to grow very troublesome, and would not suffer any gentleman to sing, except such songs as he thought proper to call for. Hey dey, Mr. Amen, says Charles, this is making too free methinks; for though you make the company sing *what you please of a Sunday*, I can see no reason you should oblige them to do so *every day in the week*.

The Prince of Wales having a mind to divert himself incog. went to see a bull baiting near Hockley in the Hole. The bull, being true game, gave a great deal of sport, and foiled every dog that attacked him. At last old Towzer, whose owner was a butcher in Clare-Market, and stood close to the Prince, fairly pinned the bull. At which the butcher, in the joy of his heart, gave his Royal Highness a swinging clap on the back, saying, *See there, my Prince, that is my dog, damme but it is.*

A gentleman on his travels called his servant to the side of the post-chaise. Tom, says he, here is a guinea, which is too light, and I can get nobody to take it, do you see and part with it some how or other on the road. Yes, Sir, says the footman, I will endeavour.—When they came to their inn at night, the gentleman called to

his servant to know if he had passed off the guinea? Yes, Sir, says the man, I did it sily. —Aye! Tom, says the master, I fancy thou art a sly sort of a fellow; but tell me how? Why, Sir, says the footman, the people refused it at breakfast, and so they did where your honour dined; but as I had a groat to pay at the turnpike, *I whipped it in between the halfpence*, and the man put it in his pocket, and never saw it.

A young gentleman having got his neighbour's maid with child, the master, a grave man, came to expostulate with him about it. Sir, said he, I wonder you could do so? Prithee where is the wonder, says the other, *if she had got me with child*, you might have wondered indeed.

A highlander who sold brooms, went into a barber's shop in Glasgow to get shaved. The barber bought one of his brooms, and after he had shaved him, asked the price. Two-pence, said the Highlander. 'No, no,' said the barber, I'll give you a penny; if that does not satisfy you, take your broom again, and we'll not make a bargain. The highlander took it, and asked what he had to pay.' A penny, says Strap. 'No, by my faith,' says Duncan, I'll give you a halfpenny, if that does not satisfy you, *put on my beard as it was before*, and we'll not make a bargain.'

A certain candidate for a borough some years ago, had among his committee of friends, one man who was remarkably ugly. When, after the election, the successful candidate was expressing his gratitude to them, he begged in particular to thank 'that gentleman for the very remarkable countenance he had shewn during the whole business.

A gentleman had lately occasion to call on an acquaintance, and enquiring of an Irish servant if his master was

at home, was told that he was not. 'When will he return?' said the gentleman. 'By J—s said Teague, when my master gives orders to say *that he is not at home*, it is impossible to say when he will return.

The Queen Christiana, passing by a village in France, was harangued by a Consul, who was a Calvinist; he was eloquent, and she hearkened to him with attention and pleasure: but sir, said she to the Consul, you have neither spoken of my *abdication*, nor of my *conversion to the Catholic Faith*. 'Madam, replied he, I undertook to pronounce your *eulogium*, not to give your *history*.

At a late assizes, when the judge had with every due solemnity passed sentence of death on five criminals, who have since been executed, one of them, as soon as the judge had concluded, said, with great *sang froid*, 'Please you my lord, I had rather serve his majesty.'

Jonathan Durrant, who was tried at Norfolk, for privately stealing a *bridle* from the shop of a saddler, through the humanity of the jury, escaped the consequences of a capital conviction by their bringing in a verdict *guilty of stealing only*: upon which, he immediately turned round and thanked them for their lenity, at the same time archly adding, I assure you, gentleman, I had no use for the *bridle*, I only meant to touch the *bit*, but I now find I had very nearly got a *halter*.

The late Lord Lyttleton, hearing that G——, a noted sharper, had married Miss V——, who was an idiot, and daughter of his particular friend—the first time he met the lady's father, being at a loss how to congratulate him upon so extraordinary an event and alliance, at last exclaimed, 'By G—d, V——, your grand-children will be *prodigies*.' Why so, said Mr. V——. 'Because,' replied his lordship, your daughter's a *fool*, and her husband's

band's a rogue; and at school I was taught to believe, that *two negatives make an affirmative.*

When the polling the sextons in Cornwall began, a bye stander observed, that he had not seen the election wear so *grave* an aspect before.

The sextons, when riding up to poll at the election for Cornwall, as they came to the hustings, cried out, *Free-man for ever*; at which the parish clerks said, *Amen.*

A wag, the other night, at Astley's, in the gallery, cried out most voraciously to the grimacer, 'Roast beef! Roast beef!' &c. The grimacer at that time was representing the clergy in France, *before* and *since* the revolution;—the former character he conceived would please the demandant, and the cry of 'Roast beef' being continued, he immediately swelled out his chest and his cheeks in a most unaccountable manner, and clapping his handkerchief under his chin, replied, '*voila* Roast beef,' which so pleased the fellow, that he still kept interrupting the company, until the Grimacer by a turn of his hat, formed it into two horns, and addressed himself to the man in an attitude of surprise, which struck the fellow so much, that he cried out, the Grimacer must be a devil, for that he thought nobody knew except himself that his wife had ever made him. *the figure he represented.*

On the report of a Spanish war, the disabled old sailor, who regularly solicits charity in St. Paul's Church-yard, addressed a naval officer lately in his usual whimsical terms; and being desired to say what would make him completely happy, he replied, 'God bless your honour, if you'll give me a *crown*, you'll make me a king; if but *half* a one, I shall be possessed of more than, I hope, the *Monarch of Spain* will soon have to boast of.'

At the late Lancaster election, a butcher, who was marching in a tally, preceded by a band of music to exercise his privilege (in all the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious contest) was gently touched on the shoulder by the rod of the sheriff's officer, for twelve guineas, which sum he was indebted to a farmer, for fat sheep. With the virtue of a conjurer's wand, it instantly changed the scene, and operated so forcibly, as to oblige the *free-burgess* to make a transfer of some *newly acquired* property into the officer's pocket, and to vote contrary to his inclination and promise. One of the counsel observed, 'This was, great generalship; the butcher *fleece*d the farmer, and the farmer *skinned* the butcher alive.'

Monsieur le Prince was one day in his coach with a very tiresome fellow, who teased him with stupifying stories:—'Sir, said he to him, either *do not put me to sleep, or let me sleep quietly.*'

An Irish gentleman was arrested and confined some weeks, for a debt due by his brother. He brought his action for false imprisonment, when there appeared precisely as many witnesses to prove the identity of his person, as there were to his being no other than *himself*.—The judge was astonished, and the jury, for once, at a loss for a verdict; when lo!—the brother appeared, the glorious uncertainty of the law vanished, and the defendant paid dearly for the explanation of—*Fronti nulla fides*.

A gentleman having some company to dinner, one of them cried out, Lord bless me, I have forgot my laced waistcoat! The master of the house told him there was no need of any apology, for he was very well dressed—You mistake me, replied the guest, I do not mean a gold laced waistcoat, but my waistcoat with a *lace behind*.

Counsellor Dunning, who had got a trick of hemming several times in the course of his speech, once upon a trial concerning a broken-winded horse, told a coachman that he did not know what broken-winded was. Yes, but I do, says the man, for he cries a *hem, hem*, just as you do.

A person who had rendered himself obnoxious in trade was told of some of his tricks by a merchant on 'Change ; and being a little nettled at his reproaches, said, What, Sir, do you call me a rogue? No, I do not call you rogue, said the merchant, but I will give you ten guineas, if you find any one here, who will say *you are an honest man*.

An arch barber at a certain borough in the West, where there are but few electors, had art enough to suspend his promise till the voters, by means of bribery, (the old balsam) were so divided, that the casting vote lay in himself. One of the candidates, who was sensible of it, came into his little dirty shop to be shaved, and when the operation was finished, threw into the basin twenty guineas. The next day came the other candidate, who was shaved also, and left thirty. Some hours after this, the first returned to solicit the barber's vote, who told him very coldly, that he could not promise. Not promise! says the gentleman, why I thought I had been shaved here? It is true, says the barber, you was, but *another gentleman* has been trimmed since that : however, if you please, *I will trim you again, and then I will tell you my mind*.

An officer in the English service going on the expedition against the Americans at Bunker's-hill, gave orders to his taylor to make him a suit of cloaths, and to put within side the lining of his waistcoat, *a plate of brass*, as a shield from the enemy ; which the taylor, through a lucky mistake, placed in the inside of the lining of the breeches ;

breaches; the officer being directly after led on to battle, a precipitate retreat immediately ensued, and being closely pursued by the enemy, endeavoured to make his escape by jumping over a hedge, which one of the enemy perceiving, thrust the bayonet in his tail, as he thought, and pushed him over. The enemy then left him, When he got safe to camp, he could not but extol the taylor's conduct, *who knew where his heart lay better than himself.*

An honest Jack Tar being at a Quaker's meeting, heard the friend that was holding forth, speak with great emotion against the ill consequence of giving the lie in conversation, and therefore, he advised, when a man was telling a tale, that was not consistent with truth or probability, to cry *twang*, which would not irritate the person as the lie would. After digressing into the story of the great miracle of five thousand being fed with five loaves of bread, &c. he told them that they were not such loaves as are used now but were as big as a mountain; on the hearing of which, the tar uttered with a loud voice, *twang*; What, says the Quaker, dost thou think I lie, friend? No, says Jack, but I am thinking *how big the ovens were that baked them.*

A certain nobleman who used to dangle after Miss Yonge, and one night being behind the scenes, standing with his arms folded in the posture of a desponding lover, asked her with a sigh, what was a cure for love? *Your Lordship*, she answered, *is the best cure in the world.*

A worthy old gentleman in the country having employed an attorney, of whom he had a pretty good opinion, to do some law business for him in London, he was greatly surprised on his coming to town, and demanding his bill of law charges, to find that it amounted to at least three times the sum he expected; the honest attorney assured him, that there was no article in his bill but what was fair and reasonable. Nay, said the country

try gentleman, there's one of them I am sure cannot be so, for you have set down three shillings and four-pence for going to Southwark, when none of my business lay that way: pray what is the meaning of that, sir, ? Oh ! Sir, said he, that was for fetching the turkey and chine from the carrier's *that you sent me* for a present out of the country.

The emperor of Germany some time since travelling before his retinue, as is his usual way, attended only by a single Aid-de-camp, arrived very late at the house of an Englishman, who kept a public house some where in the Austrian Netherlands. The man having his house pretty full, it being fair time, and not knowing who his guests were, appointed them to sleep in an outhouse, which he very readily complied with, after drinking a bottle of indifferent wine, and eating a few slices of ham and biscuit. In the morning they paid their bill, which amounted only to three shillings and six-pence English, and rode off. A few hours after, several of his suit came to enquire after him, when the publican understanding whom he had for his guest, seemed very uneasy. Psha ! man, never mind this affair said one of his attendants, Joseph is used to such adventures; he will think no more on it. Aye, that may be, replied the landlord, but by G—d I shall never forget the circumstance of having an emperor in my house, and letting him off for *three and six-pence*.

Counsellor Garrow, of scrutiny memory, soliciting a place in a public line, was offered the post of Solicitor-General to one of the ceded islands, but finding that the profits and emoluments were nothing, and only an honorary post, replied. Why, if I accept that office, instead of being Solicitor General, I must be *General Solicitor*, and *beg my way* to the place.

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At Hampstead Assembly, some years since, an Irish gentleman, who danced with great spirit, though not perhaps with all the grace of a *Vestris*, was observed by a maccaroni, in the same country dance, who immediately began mimicking him in the most extravagant manner. The Irishman took no notice for some time, but seeing himself the general object of laughter, he came very deliberately up to the mimic, and asked, Why he presumed to take him off! Me, sir, says the other, you mistake the matter, it is my *natural way of dancing*. Is it, said the Hibernian, seemingly accepting the excuse, well, to be sure, nobody can help what is natural; but hark ye, my friend, be sure you continue in that *natural* step all night; for by G—d, if you once attempt to make it *artificial*, I will break every bone in your skin—The poor maccaroni was obliged to subscribe to the sentence, to the no small amusement, as well as satisfaction of the whole company.

As a poor man was passing through Smithfield, who could hardly walk, he was stopped by a young man, who jeeringly offered to carry him. No, replied the old man, I shall buy an *ass* to-morrow.

Soon after the appearance of Garrick, at Drury-lane theatre; when he, by his astonishing powers, brought a great number to the Theatre, and Mr. Rich was playing his pantomimes at Covent-Garden to empty benches; the two gentlemen, Mr. Garrick and Mr. Rich, met one evening at the Bedford Coffee-house; they fell into conversation, when Mr. Garrick asked the Covent-Garden manager, How much his house would hold when crowded with company?—Why, master, replies Mr. Rich, in as elegant a compliment as ever was given, I cannot tell, but if you will come and play *Richard* for one night, I shall be able to give an account.

A Lady wished a young married man joy, for she heard his wife was *quick* already. Ay, said he, quick indeed,
for

for I have been married but six months, and she was brought to bed yesterday.

A few years since Mr. Stevens, who was for many years grave-digger, at St. James's Church, being on an examination in the court of King's Bench, in a parish-suit, Lord Mansfield demanded of him, previous to other questions, his name and profession? Why, and please your honour, said he, my name is Will Stevens, and I am a grave-digger at your worship's service.

A gentleman having sent a porter on a message which he executed much to his satisfaction, had the curiosity to ask his name, being informed it was Russel. Pray, says the gentleman, is your coat of arms the same as the Duke of Bedford's? As to our arms, your honour, says the porter, I believe they are pretty much alike; but there is a d—n'd deal of difference between our coats.

A physician went lately to see a sick patient, and was told by the servant that she had just expired. Your lady may be apparently dead, said the doctor, yet not actually so. He alighted from his carriage, and went up stairs, where he found his patient actually dead, with the customary fee in the palm of her hand, and taking it. I see, said the Doctor, with much seriousness, the poor lady expected me; *God rest her soul.*

A gentleman at the West end of the town dining at his own house with a friend, on some cold roast mutton, his servant accosted him in the following manner. Please, sir, to order the cook to bath the mutton for our dinner, for I cannot eat cold meat. His master bid him not be impertinent before company, and he should take another opportunity of speaking to him; however, the man persisted in his request, the gentleman turned him out of the room. The next morning the master called him before him, and told him to provide himself with a place. Do you really mean

mean I should leave you then ? said the man. Certainly ! replied the gentleman. I'll expose you then (quothe the servant) to the whole neighbourhood, how you use us ; ' a man may make a shift to eat cold meat when out of place, says the fellow, but I am (determined *my master*, whoever he be, shall always provide me with hot dinners.

A gentleman amusing himself in the gallery of the *Palais*, a place in Paris, somewhat like what our exchanges formerly were, observed, while he was carelessly looking over some pamphlets at a bookseller's there, a suspicious fellow stood rather too near him : the gentleman was dressed, according to the fashion of those times, in a coat with a prodigious number of silver tags and tassels ; upon which the thief (for such he was) began to have a design ; and the gentleman not willing to disappoint him, turned his head another way, on purpose to give him an opportunity : the thief immediately set to work, and, in a trice, twisted off seven or eight of the silver tags ; the gentleman immediately perceived it, and sily drawing out of his pocket a penknife, which cut like a razor, caught the fellow by the ear, and cut it off close to his head. Murder ! Murder ! cries the thief ; Robbery ! Robbery ! cries the gentleman, upon this the thief, in a passion, throwing them at the gentleman. There are your *tags* and *buttons* ? Very well, said the gentleman, (throwing it back in the like manner,) there is *your ear*.

Old Taswell, the comedian, having a dispute in the green-room with Mrs. Clive, the actress, Madam, says he, I have heard of *varians* and *brimstones*, but by G=d, you are the *cream* of the one, and the *flower* of the other.

A fellow who had picked up a few scraps of the French tongue, and was entirely ignorant of the Latin, accosted a gentleman, in French, with *Quelle heure est il Monsieur ?* What is it o'clock, Sir ? To which the gentleman answered,

swered, in Latin, *Nescio*, I don't know. Damn it said the fellow, 'I did not think it was near so late;' and ran off as if he had something of consequence to do.

Lord Mansfield being willing to save a man that had stole a watch, desired the jury to value it at ten-pence; upon which the prosecutor cries out, Ten-pence! my lord: why the very fashion of it cost me five pounds.— Oh! says his lordship, we must not hang a man for *fashion's sake*.

A Scotch Member of Parliament, of great wit and humour, coming to the Marquis of Rockingham's one morning, at the time of the great opposition between him and Lord North, told his lordship that he had some very bad news to acquaint him with. What's the matter? quoth the Marquis. By my troth, quoth he, what I hae to tell ye is very bawd on our feed. Prithee, said the Marquis, do not keep me any longer in suspense; what is it? Don't your lordship ken that Sawney Wedderburn is bought over? That is impossible, says the Marquis, for a stauncher man does not live than honest Sawney; but what makes you think so? Why, and please your lordship, I saw the other morning, *a five hundred pound bank note in his hand*; and I am sure Sawney never brought that out of his own country.

At the Grosvenor trial in Westminster-hall, a witness being produced that had an enameled nose; counsellor Dunning thinking to daunt him, said, Now you are sworn, what can you say with your copper nose? Why, by the oath I have sworn, *I would not change my copper nose, for your brazen face*.

A fellow hearing the drums beating up for volunteers in France, in the expedition against the Dutch, imagined himself valiant enough, and thereupon lifted himself, so returning again, he was asked by his friends, *what exploits*

plots he had done there? he said, that he had cut off one of the enemy's legs; and being told that it had been more honourable and manly to have cut off his head: Oh! said he, you must know that *his head was cut off before.*

A French courtier, who was a little suspected of imbecility, one day meeting the poet Berensford, who had often jeered him, Sir, said he, for all your silly jests, my wife was brought to bed of a boy two days ago.—Faith, replied Berensford, I never questioned *your wife's abilities.*

When Lieutenant O'Brian, who was afterwards called Sky-Rocket Jack, was blown up at Spithead, in the Edgar, and was saved on the carriage of a gun; and when brought to the Admiral, all black and wet, he said, with much pleasantry, I hope, sir, you will excuse my dirty appearance, *for I came out of the ship in such a hurry, that I had not time to shift myself.*

In the late war, a sailor and two of his shipmates wanted to go from Portsmouth to Petersfield; when one staying behind, desired the other two to proceed on foot, while he went and hired a horse. When he came to the livery stables, the ostler brought him out a short-backed, light galloway, about fourteen hands high. Zounds, says Jack, this will not do for me? he is too short in the back. Oh, Sir, replies the ostler, he is the better for that. D—n him, he will not do, I tell you; get me a horse with a *longer back*, for I have two more to take up at the turnpike.

Quin used annually to come to London, to play for Ryan's benefit. He had performed, the season before, the part of Falstaff for the benefit of his old acquaintance Mr. Ryan. This testimony of regard had the desired effect: and the actor profited greatly by the exhibition. His success upon this occasion, induced Ryan to solicit
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the same favour next year. The application produced an answer from Quin, which whilst it is in the true laconic stile, is rich in meaning: I shall therefore give it verbatim.

I would *play* for you if I could; but will not *whistle* for you. I have willed you a thousand pounds. If you want money you may have it, and save my executors trouble.

James Quin.

The Baron des Aldrets, one of the generals of the Catholics, took during the wars, a castle belonging to the Protestants, and condemned all the soldiers that had defended it, to leap out at a window of that castle. One of them advanced twice to the brink of the precipice, and still shrunk back. Whereupon the Baron said, Come, take your leap, without any more a-do; for I'll make you suffer greater torments, if you go back a third time. Sir, answered the soldier, since you take the thing to be so easy, *I'll lay any sum you don't do it in four times.*—Which so pleased the Baron, that as cruel as he was, he pardoned the soldier, upon account of this repartee.

Dr. South being one morning visiting a gentleman, he was asked to stay dinner; which he accepting of, the gentleman slept into the next room, and told his wife he had invited the doctor to dinner, and desired her to provide something extraordinary. Hereupon she began to murmur and scold, and make a thousand words, till at last her husband, being very much provoked at her behaviour, protested, that if it was not for the *stranger* in the next room, he would kick her out of doors. Upon which the doctor, who had heard all that had passed, immediately stepped out, crying, 'I beg, Sir, you will make *no stranger* of me.

One

One Mr. *Ash*, who was himself a famous punster in Ireland, coming into an inn, desired the landlord to lend him a hand to pull off his great coat: Indeed, Sir, said he, I dare not. Dare not, replied the other, what do you mean by that? You know, Sir, answered he, there is an act of parliament *against stripping of Ash*.

King Charles the second, after the Restoration, told Waller the poet, that he had made better verses, and said finer things of Cromwell than of him. That may very well be, replied Waller, for poets generally succeed better in *imaginary things than in real ones*.

Upon the death of the famous Moliere, a poet waiting with his epitaph upon the Prince of Conde, the prince told him he should have been much better pleased, if *Moliere* had brought him his.

Two gentlemen standing together, as a young lady passed by them, said one, there goes the handsomest woman I ever saw. She hearing him; turned back, and seeing him very ugly, said, I wish I could in return, say as much of you, so you may, madam, said he, *and lie as I do*.

A few months since, a waterman, who for years had plied upon the Thames, became by the death of an uncle, at Deptford, (who had made a fortune by the laudable dealing in seamens wills and powers), heir to a very desirable estate, both real and personal, by the testator, without mentioning his name, singly recording, I leave all my wealth to my heir at law. When he came into possession, he invited the other poor relations of the deceased, whose hopes of their relation's dying without a will, had thus been baulked of a family dinner, and after it was over, divided among them effects to the value of 7000*l*. reserving for himself about 2000*l*. and an estate of about 160*l*. a year, on which he has retired to a village near
Grave-

Gravefend, where he lives an ornament to human nature, often amusing himself on his old element, and frequently rowing passengers to town, but never *gratis*, because that would deprive his old companions of bread.

When Alderman Prampton, who acquired an immense fortune in the business of a bookseller, first began trade in Dublin; the few volumes he had collected were insufficient to fill his shop, but knowing how much the world is led by appearances, he had recourse to a whimsical expedient, which fully answered his purpose; in a few days his shelves appeared completely covered, but as he afterwards confessed to a friend, it was done thus: *Locke on Education*, consisted of a couple of bricks neatly covered and labelled; *Theobald's Edition of Shakspeare*, was made up of some square boxes of bran, which his wife had collected for domestic uses. *Hill's voluminous works*, were neatly made up of wood; and *The Sure Guide to Salvation*, was labelled on his square tobacco box. These substitutes, as his finances flourished, were exchanged for the volumes they represented, but in many instances he used farcastically to observe the change was not much for the better.

A military captain, who lived by his wits, visiting a friend in the Tower, about dinner time, his friend being absent, in his walk, he saw divers dishes of meat, and bottles of wine, carried up to a lord's lodging, and immediately after followed the guests, among which the captain puts in with the rest, and sits down to dinner, where he eat and drank freely; but often the Lord had an eye upon this stranger, and seeing him very familiar, after dinner he enquired of his guests, whose relation he was? Which the captain hearing, boldly salutes him in these words, My lord, do you not know me? No, indeed, sir, said the lord. Quoth the captain, sure you do, my lord, for you and I have been in all the prisons in England. How, said the Lord, I never was in any

but this of the Tower in my life. True, my lord, answered the captain, *and I have been in all the rest.* At which jest the lord and his company laughed heartily, and told him he was welcome.

Mr. Glover, the late dancing master of the royal family, being in company with Picard the fencing master, and the conversation turning upon their different professions, each master supported the superiority of his talent over that of the other. At length words arose very high, and it was agreed to determine the dispute by arms, next morning, in Hyde-park. The combatants met. When Picard drew his sword, Glover drew his kit, and began to play a minuet, saying, Why don't you dance? Picard was very angry, exclaiming, He did not understand being trifled with. No, said Glover, I do not trifle with you, 'This proves the superiority of my profession, as you can do nothing without an opponent, whereas I can amuse without the assistance of any.

Lord Granby, who had long wished to be in company with Quin; one morning perceiving from the Star and Garter, at Richmond, that celebrated epicure, coming slowly up the hill in a one horse chaise, dispatched a friend to entreat the favour of his company to partake of a turtle, weighing 130 pounds, which was that day for dinner. Quin, with his usual pomposity of manners, observed, he could produce two exquisite reasons for declining his lordship's invitation, and immediately undoing the flap of his chaise, discovered a fine *chicken turtle*, and a *haunch of venison* at his feet, both of which he pledged his honour to a particular friend, should be on the table at four o'clock precisely.

Such is the force of female curiosity, that lady Wallace, who is never at a loss for an answer, one day affected to be wanting on that point: Pray, sir, said her Ladyship to a country gentleman, I am often asked what
age

age I am, what answer should I make? the gentleman immediately guessing her ladyship's meaning; said, madam, when you are asked that question again, answer, that you are not yet come to years of *discretion*.

When Charles F—— was vehemently teased for money, by some Hebrew Creditors, he told them, he would discharge the incumbrance as soon as possible.

'But Mr. F——, name the *day*?'

'The day of Judgment——'

'Oh *Militer* F——, that will be too *bishy* a day for us.

'Right, Moses, so we will make it the day after!'

The late Lord Rofs engaged an apothecary, in Oxford-street, to attend three of his servants who were dangerously ill, and went to Ireland without discharging the account—In about two years after this event, he returned to London, and was traced by the apothecary, who knew his carriage, and stopt him in Bond-street—Lord Rofs enquired for the bill, which the understrapper of Esculapius presented in at the window with a receipt—The sum total was sixteen pounds ten shillings and six-pence, which he thinking an exorbitant charge, pulled out his purse, gave the pharmacopolist half-a-guinea, and then ordered his coachman to drive on; but not before the enraged apothecary had surveyed the limited recompence with surprise, and exclaimed, in the hearing of a mob, Ah, you Irish bite, I have got *six and three-pence* by you now.

When Lord Chesterfield was dying, Sir Thomas Robinson paid him a visit of condolence, and said rather bluntly, 'I am sorry, my Lord, to perceive that you are dying *by inches*.'—'Oh, don't be sorry about the matter, replied the dying peer) but thank God, that I am not so tall as you by a *foot*.'

A Scotch officer paid a visit to Bethlem hospital, was called after by a young female, who seemed to know him : upon his coming up to her, she asked him if he would fight, and thereupon presented a straw, he accepted the challenge, for the joke's sake. They parried for some time, till the young Bedlamite took an opportunity to scoop down and lift up her pot full of thick and thin, which she suddenly flung at poor Sawny, *There, (says she) go tell your shitten colonel that I have made a shitten captain of you.*

The late Mr. Churchill, the poet, being in company with some men of quality at a tavern, was called upon to give his toast, he named lady L — ; the nobleman demanded why he named her ? Why not, replied the poet, she has the qualifications of a *toast, being both brown and dry* ; which answer made them laugh, his lordship having been compelled to marry her against his inclination.

Two bonny Scots, having just got a place at St. James's, and being in bed, the one in his sleep bawled out terribly, which the other hearing, desired to know what was the matter ? matter, quoth he, *Mon, I've dream'd a very ugly dream.* Prithee, lod, didst dream of the deel ? says Wally, *Na, 'twas worse than the deel, and hell to boot,* says sawny, *for I dreamed I was transported into my own country, never more to see Aud England again.* Ah, mon, says Wally, *that was very tirrible indeed.*

One told another, who was not used to be cloathed very often, that his new coat was too *short* for him ; that's true, answered his friend ; but it will be *long enough* before I get another.

A certain lady, finding her husband somewhat too familiar with her chamber maid, turned her away immediately. Huffy, said she, I have no occasion for such
J. J. C. Sum

stuts as you, only to do that work, which I chuse to do myself.

Although the infirmities of nature are not proper subjects to be made a jest of ; yet when people take a great deal of pains to conceal what every body sees, there is nothing more ridiculous : Of this sort was old Smith the player, who being very deaf, did not care any body should know it. Honest Joe Miller, going with a friend one day along Fleet-street, and seeing old Smith on the other side of the way, told his acquaintance he should see some sport ; so, beckoning to Smith with his finger, and stretching open his mouth as wide as ever he could, as if he hallowed to him, though he said nothing, the old fellow came puffing from the other side of the way. What a pox, said he, *do you make such a noise for ? Do you think one cannot hear you.*

A conceited fellow, who fancied himself a poet, asked Nat. Lee, if it was not easy to write like a *nathan*, as he did ; No, answered Nat ; But it is easy to write like a *fool*, as you do.

A gentleman was saying one day at George's coffee-house, when it rained exceeding hard, that it put him in mind of the general deluge. Zoons, Sir, said an old campaigner, who stood by, Who is that ? I have heard of all the *Generals* in Europe but him.

Lord R— having lost fifty guineas one night at the gaming table in Dublin, some friends condoling with him upon his ill luck ; Faith, said he, I am very well pleased at what I have done ; for I have bit them by G—, there is not one guinea that don't want six-pence of weight.

A countryman sowing his ground, two smart fellows riding that way, one of them called to him with an insolent air ; Well, honest fellow, said he, 'tis your business
to

to sow, but we reap the fruits of your labour. To which the countryman replied, *'Tis very likely you may, for I am sowing hemp.*

Once on a time a person who had been a dependant on a nobleman, begged his interest for him at court; and to press the thing the more upon him, said he had nobody to depend upon but *God and his Grace*. Then, said the duke, you are in a miserable way; for you could not have pitched upon any two who have less interest at court.

A pragmatical young fellow, sitting at a table over against the learned John Scott, asked him, What difference there was between *Scot* and *sot*? Just the breadth of the table, answered the other.

The famous Chancellor Moore, who preserved his humour and wit to the last moment, when he came to be executed on Tower-hill, the headsman demanded his upper garment as his fee; Ah, friend, said he, taking off his cap, *that I think is my upper garment.*

When Sir Richard Steel was sitting up his great room in York Buildings, which he intended for public orations, he happened at a time to be pretty much behind hand with his workmen; and coming one day among them, to see how they went forward, he ordered one of them to get into the rostrum, and make a speech, that he might observe how it could be heard; the fellow mounting and scratching his pate, told him he knew not what to say, for in truth he was no orator. Oh! said the knight, no matter for that, speak any thing that comes uppermost. Why here, Sir Richard, says the fellow, *we have been working for you these six weeks, and cannot get one penny of money: Pray, sir, when do you design to pay us?* Very well, very well, said Sir Richard, pray come down, I have heard enough, I cannot but own you speak very distinctly, though I do not admire your subject.

C a

A certain

A certain reverend drone in the country, was complaining to another, That it was a great fatigue to preach twice a day. Oh! said the other, I preach twice every Sunday, *and make nothing of it.*

A French marquis, being one day at dinner at the late Sir Roger Williams's, the famous punster and publican, was boasting of the happy genius of his nation, in projecting all the fine modes and fashions, particularly the *ruffle*, which he said, *Was de fine ornament to de hand, and had been followed by all de other nations*, Roger allowed what he said, but at the same time, That the English, according to custom, had made a great improvement upon their invention, *by adding the shirt to it.*

A young gentleman playing at questions and commands with some pretty young ladies, was commanded to take off a garter from one of them, but she, as soon as he had laid hold of her petticoats, run away into the next room, where was a bed; Now, madam, said he, tripping up her heels, *I lar squeaking. Bar the door, you fool,* cried she.

A very modest young gentleman, of the county of Tipperary, having attempted many ways in vain to acquire the affections of a lady of great fortune, at last was resolved to try what could be done by the help of music, and therefore entertained her with a serenade under her window at midnight; but she ordered her servants to drive him from thence by throwing stones at him: Oh! my friend, said one of his companions, *your music is as powerful as that of Orpheus, for it draws the very stones about you.*

An English gentleman asked Sir Richard Steel, who was an Irishman, what was the reason that his countrymen were so remarkable for blundering, and making bulls? Faith, said the knight, *I believe there is something in*
the

the air of Ireland, and I dare say, if an Englishman was born there he would do the same.

A gentleman having lent a guinea for two or three days to a person whose promises he had not much faith in, was very much surprised to find, that he very punctually kept his word with him; the same gentleman sometime after was delirious of borrowing a larger sum. No, said the other, *you have deceived me once, and I am resolved you shall not do it a second time.*

A country parson having divided his text under two and twenty heads; one of the congregation was getting out of the church in a great hurry; but a neighbour, pulling him by the sleeve, asked him whither he was going? *Home for my night cap,* answered the first; *for I find we are to stay here all night.*

Two gentlemen disputing about religion in Burton's coffee-house, said one of them, I wonder, Sir, you should talk of religion, when I'll hold you five guineas you can't say the *Lord's Prayer*: Done, said the other, and Sir Richard Steel here shall hold stakes. The money being deposited, the gentleman began with, *I believe in God,* and so went cleverly through the *Creed*: Well, said the other, *I own I have lost; I did not think he could have done it.*

Lord Strangford, who stammered very much, was telling a certain bishop that sat at his table, that Balaam's ass spoke, because he was pri—est. Priest rid, Sir, said a valet-de-chambre, who stood behind the chair, my lord would say, No, friend, replied the bishop, *Balaam could not speak himself, and so his ass spoke for him.*

Lady N——t, who had but a very homely face, but was extremely well-shaped, and always neat about the legs and feet, was tripping one morning over the Park in a rusk; and a gentleman followed her for a long time,

making strong love to her: He called her his life, his soul, his angel, and begged, with a deal of earnestness, to have one glimpse of her face: at last, when she came on the other side of the bird-cage walk, to the house she was going into, she turned about, and pulling off her mask, Well, Sir, said she, what is it that you would have of me? The man, at first sight of her face, drew back, and lifted up his hands. Oh! *nothing, madam, nothing*, cried he; I cannot say, said my lady, but I like your *sincerity*, tho' I hate your *manners*.

A certain wit and Foxite being at my lord mayor's feast, just after Mr. Pitt and his friends came into administration, when after two or three healths the ministry was toasted, but when it came to his turn to drink, he diverted it for some time, by telling a story to the person who sat next to him; The chief magistrate of the city not seeing his toast go round, called out gentlemen, *Where sticks the Ministry?* *At nothing*, by G—, says he, and so drank off his glass.

Lord Craven, in king James the first's reign, was very desirous to see Ben Johnson, which being told to Ben, he went to my lord's house; but being in a very tattered condition, as poets sometimes are, the porter refused him admittance with some sauey language, which the other did not fail to return. My Lord happening to come out while they were wrangling, asked the occasion of it? Ben, who stood in need of nobody to speak for him, said, He understood his lordship desired to see him, You, friend, said my lord, who are you? Ben Johnson, replied the other: No, no, quoth my lord, you cannot be Ben Johnson, who wrote the Silent Woman; you look as if you could not say *bo* to a goose; *Bo*, cried Ben: Very well, said my lord, who was better pleased at the joke than offended at the affront; I am now convinced, by your wit, you are Ben Johnson.

Dr.

Dr, Tadloe, who was a man of an enormous size, happening to go *thump, thump*, with his great legs through a street in Oxford, where some paviors were at work, in the middle of July, the fellows immediately laid down their rammers. Ah! God bless you, master, cries one of them, it is very kind of you to come this way; *it saves us a great deal of trouble this hot weather.*

Two Oxford Scholars meeting on the road with a Yorkshire ostler, they fell to bantering him, and told the fellow that they would prove him to be an *horse*, or an *ass*. Well, said the ostler, and I can prove your saddle to be a *mule*. A *mule*! cried one of them, how can that be? Because, said the ostler, *it is something between an horse and an ass.*

A midshipman being one night in company with Jos Miller, said, that being once in great danger at sea, every body was observed to be upon their knees, but one man, who being called upon to come with the rest to prayers: Not I, said he, *it is your business to look after the ship, I am but a passenger.*

King Charles II. being prevailed upon by one of his courtiers to knight a very worthless fellow, of a mean aspect; when he was going to lay the sword upon his shoulders, the new knight drew a little back, and hung down his head, as out of countenance? Don't be ashamed, said the king, *I have most reason to be ashamed.*

A country fellow, who was just come to London, gaping about in every shop he came to, at last looked into a scrivener's, where, seeing only one man sitting at a desk, he could not imagine what commodity was sold there; but calling to the clerk; Pray, Sir, said he, what do you sell here? *Loggerheads*, cried the other. Do you? answered the countryman; Egad! then you have a special trade, *for I see you have but one left.*

A beggar asking alms under the name of a poor scholar, a gentleman to whom he applied himself, asked him a question in Latin. The fellow, shaking his head, said, he did not understand him; How is that, said the gentleman? Did you not say you were a poor scholar? Yes, replied the other, a poor one indeed, sir, for I do not understand one word of Latin.

A lady's age happened to be questioned, she affirmed she was but *forty*, and called upon a gentleman, who was in company, for his opinion: Cousin, said she, do you believe I am in the right, when I say I am but *forty*? I am sure, Madam, replied he, I ought not to dispute it; for I have constantly heard you say so for above these *ten years*.

A lieutenant colonel to one of the Irish regiments in the French service, being dispatched by the duke of Berwick, from Fort-Keil, to the king of France, with a complaint relating to some irregularities that had happened in the regiment; his majesty, with some emotion of mind, told him, that the Irish troops gave him more uneasiness than all his forces besides. Sir, said the officer, *all your majesty's enemies make the same complaint.*

A courtier, who was a confidant in the amours of Henry IV. of France, obtained a grant from the king, for the dispatch whereof he applied himself to the lord high chancellor; who finding some obstacle in it, the courtier insisted still upon it, and would not allow of any impediment. *Que chacun se mele de son metier*, said the chancellor to him, that is, *Let every one meddle with his own business.* The courtier imagining he reflected upon him for his pimping: My employment, said he, is such, that if the king was twenty years younger, I would not exchange it for three of yours.

A gen-

A gentleman saying one day at a table, that he could not endure a breast of mutton: You said so the other day, cried another, of a breast of veal. Very true, answered the first, I do not love the breast of any thing but of a woman, and that goes against my *stomach*.

A reverend gentleman in the East, well known for the *orthodoxy* of his practice and opinions, in one of his peregrinations to the West part of the town, stopped at his butcher's to order a leg of pork for his family's dinner. The butcher had just then hired a new man, who was unacquainted with the doctor's residence, and when he ordered it to be taken home, naturally concluded that he was to follow him. The first place the gentleman stopped at was the Pamphlet shop, at the 'Change, to purchase *A Word of Advice to Preachers*; the man with the leg of pork having been close at his heels all the way, and waiting at the door till he came out. Thence the doctor went to the London Coffee-house, where the man diligently followed, and as patiently waited for him. Last of all, the Doctor went to a counsellor of his acquaintance in the Temple, who, being at home, he was of course shewn in. Here the man thought his travels were at an end, and knocked at the door; that observing a gentleman in black answering the description of the counsellor, had ordered the leg of pork, this brought the counsellor down, and after much misunderstanding, it was settled, that it must be for the gospel and not for the law. The doctor had him called up, and reprobated the mistake in severe terms, to which the man rather archly replied, that the fault had not originated with him, but if he was in the wrong, he had followed the church through thick and thin, and to his sorrow found he was in an error at last.

An Irishman having purchased a sixteenth of a ticket, for which he gave thirty shillings, tickets being then at no advanced price; upon hearing that he was to receive but twenty-five shillings for his share of a twenty-pound

prize, exclaimed, ' By Jafus I am a lucky fellow that I don't lose more: for if I lose five shillings by a twenty-pound prize, what should I have lost by the twenty thousand pounds?'

The same person purchased a ticket, which he regularly insured, but did not come up, as it remained undrawn in the wheel. The following lottery the number was drawn a prize, when he regularly demanded it, swearing, that he was the first entitled to it in that he had waited for it from the last lottery.

A gentleman in the country having the misfortune to have his wife hang herself on an apple-tree; a neighbour of his came to him, and begged he would give him a cyon of that tree, that he might graft it upon one in his own orchard; For who knows, says he, *but it may bare the same fruit.*

Monfieur Vangelas having obtained a pension from the French king, by the interest of cardinal Richlieu, the cardinal told him, he hoped he would not forget the word *pension* in his dictionary. No, my lord, said Vangelas, nor the word *gratitude*.

A melting sermon being preached in a country church, all fell a weeping but one man, who being asked why he did not weep with the rest? Oh! said he, *I belong to another parish.*

An Irishman being at a tavern where the cook was dressing some carp, he observed that some of the fish moved after they were gutted and put in the pan, which very much surpris'd Teague; Well now, faith, said he, of all the *Christian* creatures that ever I saw, this same carp will live the longest after it is dead.

A gen-

A gentleman happening to turn up against a house to make water, did not see two young ladies looking out of a window close by, till he heard them giggling: then looking towards them, he asked, What made them so merry? Oh! Lord, said one of them, *a very little thing will make us laugh.*

A young fellow riding down a steep hill, and doubting the foot of it was boggy, called out to a clown that was ditching, and asked him if it was hard at the bottom. Ay, answered the countryman, it is hard enough at the bottom, I warrant you; but in half a dozen steps the horse sunk up to the saddle skirts, which made the young gallant whip, spur, curse, and swear. Why thou whore-son rascal, said he to the ditcher, didst thou not tell me it was hard at the bottom? Ay, replied the other, but you are *not half way* to the bottom yet.

The famous Tom King, who is remarkable for his good housekeeping and hospitality, standing one day at his gate in the country, a beggar coming up to him cried, he begged his worship would give him a mug of his *small* beer. Why, how now, says he, what times are these, when beggars must be chusers! I say, bring this fellow a mug of *strong beer.*

Two very honest gentlemen, who dealt in brooms, meeting one day in the street, one asked the other, How the devil he could afford to underfel him every where as he did, when he *stole* the stuff, and made the brooms himself? Why you silly dog, answered the other, *I steal them ready made.*

A lady who had generally a pretty many intrigues upon her hands, not liking her brother's, extravagant passion for play, asked him when he designed to leave off *gaming*? When you cease *loving*, said he; Then replied the lady, you are like to continue a *gamester as long as you live.*

A soldier was bragging before Julius Cæsar, of the wounds he had received in his face. Cæsar, knowing him to be a coward, told him, He had best take heed the next time he ran away, *how he look'd back.*

A profligate young nobleman, being in company with some sober people, desired leave to toast the devil; The gentleman, who sat next him, said, He had no objection to any of his lordship's friends.

Some gentlemen going into a bawdy house tavern at Charing-cross, found great fault with the wine, and sending for the master of the house, told him it was sad stuff, and very weak. It may be so, said he, for my trade does not depend on the *strength of my wine*, but on that of *my tables and chairs*, and the *weakness of my customers.*

A gentleman coming to an inn in Smithfield, and seeing the ostler expert and tractable about the horse, asked how long he had lived there, and what countryman he was. *I'm York/hire*, said the fellow, *an he lived sixteen years here.* I wonder, replied the gentleman, that in so long a time, so clever a fellow as you seem to be, have not come to be master of the inn yourself. Ay, answered the ostler, *but master's York too.*

The late colonel Kelly, reflecting on his ill life and character, told a certain nobleman, That if such a thing as a good name was to be purchased, he would freely give 10,000 pounds for one. The nobleman said, It would certainly be the worst money he ever laid out in his life. Why so, said the honest colonel? Because, answered the lord, *you will forfeit again in less than a week.*

A woman once prosecuted a gentleman for a rape; upon the trial, the judge asked her if she made any resistance. I cried out and please you my lord. Ay, said one of the witnesses, but that was *nine months* after.

A young

A young lady who had been married but a short time, seeing her husband going to rise pretty early in the morning, said, what, my dear, are you getting up already? Pray lie a little longer and rest yourself. No, my dear, replied the husband, *I'll get up and rest myself.*

The deputies of Rochelle attending to speak with Henry the Fourth of France, met with a physician who had renounced the Protestant religion, and embraced the Popish communion, whom they began to revile most grievously. The king hearing of it told the deputies he advised them to change their religion too; For it is a dangerous symptom, said he, that your religion is not long lived, *when a physician has given it over.*

A Westminster justice, taking coach in the city, and being set down at Young Man's Coffee-house, Charing-Cross, the driver demanded eighteen-pence for his fare. The justice asked him if he would swear that the ground came to the money. The man said he would take his oath of it. The justice replied, Friend, I am a magistrate; and pulling the book out of his pocket, administered the oath, and then gave the fellow his six-pence, saying, *He must reserve a shilling to himself for the affidavit.*

A respectable city merchant, but plain, both in manners and dress, having some business lately at the west end of the town, stepped into a coffee-house in the Mall to refresh himself. Among the company in the room were a couple of *Westminster Jemmies*, who occupied the fire by roasting their more ignoble parts, in the attitude so excellently represented in the humorous French print of 'The English fire-side.' Inclined to roast also the merchant, one of them exclaimed, 'Smoke the Cit'—the merchant took not the least notice, but read his newspaper with great composure;—this encouraged the Jemmies to approach him, with, 'Any news, Mr. Quidnunc?' 'Yes, Sir, I was reading an advertisement of two *strayed puppies*

puppies, and perhaps, young gentlemen, you can give some account of them.

A countryman passing along the Strand, saw a coach overturned, and asking what was the matter, he was informed, That three or four members of Parliament were overturned in that coach. Oh, said he, there let them lie, my father always advised me not to meddle with *state affairs*.

A young Irish barrister, on being told that John Bull was an Englishman, in the brotherly affection of his heart, exclaimed, 'By J —s, and I am proud to hear of our near alliance; and that it is your family of the *Bulls* that make us sister kingdoms!'

A country fellow in Charles the Second's time, selling his load of hay in the Haymarket, two gentlemen, who came out of the Blue Posts, were talking of affairs; one said, that things did not go right, the king had been at the house, and prorogued the parliament. The countryman coming home, was asked, What news in London? Odd's-heart, said he, there's something to do there; the king has it seems, *beregued* the parliament sadly.

A Welshman and an Englishman vapouring one day at the fruitfulness of their countries, the Englishman said, There was a clove near the town where he was born, which was so very fertile, that if a Kiboo was thrown in over night it would be so covered with grass, that it should be difficult to find it the next day. Splut; says the Welchman, what's that? There is a clove where her was born, where you may put your horse in over night, and *not be able to find him next morning*.

A reverend and charitable divine, for the benefit of the country where he resided, caused a large causeway to be begun; and as he was one day overlooking the work,
a certain

a certain nobleman came by ; Well, doctor, said he, for all your great pains and charity, I do not take this to be the *highway* to heaven. Very true, my lord, replied the doctor, for if it had, I should have wondered to have met your lordship here.

The famous Sir George Rook, when he was a captain of the marines, was quartered at a village where he burried a pretty many of his men ; at length the parson refused to perform the ceremony of their interment any more unless he was paid for it ; which being told captain Rooke, he ordered six men of his company to carry the corpse of the soldier then dead, and lay him upon the parson's hall table. This so embarrassed the priest, that he sent the captain word, if he would fetch the man away, he would bury him, and all his company for nothing.

Two countrymen who had never seen a play in their lives nor had any notion of it, went to the theatre in Drury-lane, when they placed themselves snug in the corner of the middle gallery ; the first music played, which they liked well enough ; then the second and third, to their great satisfaction ; at length the curtain drew up, and three or four actors entered to begin the play ; upon which one of the countrymen cried to the other, Come, Hodge, let us be going, *may hap the gentlemen are talking about business.*

Some gentlemen having a hare for supper at a tavern, the cook, instead of a pudding, had crammed the belly full of thyme, but had not above half roasted the hare, the legs being almost raw, which one of the company observing, said, There was too much thyme, (*time*) in the belly, and too little in the legs.

In eighty eight, when queen Elizabeth went from Temple Bar along Fleet-street, on some procession, the lawyers were ranged on one side of the way, and the citizens

tizens on the other; says the lord Bacon, then a student, to a lawyer that stood next to him, Do but observe the courtiers, if they bow first to the citizens, *they are in debt*; if to us, *they are in law*.

A certain justice of the peace, not far from Clerkenwell, in the first year of king George I. when the fellow, whom he hired to officiate as his clerk, was reading a mittimus to him, coming to *Anno Domini 1714*, How now, said he, with some warmth, and why not *Georgio Domini*? sure you forget yourself strangely.

The Earl of S—— a few years ago kept an Irish footman, who perhaps, was as expert in making bulls as the most learned of his countrymen. My lord having sent him one day with a present to a certain judge, the judge in return, sent my lord half a dozen live partridges with a letter; the partridges fluttering in the basket upon Teague's head, as he was carrying them home, he set down the basket, and opened the lid of it to quiet them, whereupon they all flew away. Oh! the devil burn ye, said he, I am glad you are gone; but when he came home, and my lord had read the letter, Why, Teague said my lord, I find there are half a dozen partridges in the letter; Now, arrah, dear honey, said Teague, I am glad you have found them in the letter, for they are all *lost* out of the basket.

A wild young gentleman having married a very discreet, virtuous young lady, the better to reclaim him, she caused it to be given out, at his return from his travels, that she was dead, and had been buried; in the mean time she had so placed herself in disguise, as to be able to observe how he took the news; and finding him still the same gay, inconstant man he always had been, she appeared to him as the ghost of herself, at which he seemed not at all dismayed; at length disclosing herself to him, he then appeared pretty much surprised; a person
by

by said, Why, fir, you seem more afraid now than before, Ay, replied he, most men are more afraid of a living wife than a dead one.

Two brothers coming once to be executed for some enormous crime, the eldest was turned off first, without speaking one word; the other mounting the ladder, began to harangue the croud, whose ears were attentively open to hear him, expecting some confession from him. Good people, says he, my brother hangs before my face, and you see what a lamentable *spectacle* he makes; in a few moments I shall be turned off too, and then you will see a pair of *spectacles*.

A person enquiring what became of such a-one? Oh, dear, says one of the company, poor fellow, he died insolvent; cries another, that is a lie, for he died in England, I am sure I was at his burying.

A young gentlewoman who had married a very wild spark, that had run through a plentiful fortune, and was reduced to some straits, was innocently saying to him one day, my dear, I want some *Aids* sadly. Madam, replied he, how can that be, when you make so many every day.

A fellow once standing in the pillory at Temple Bar, it occasioned a stop, so that a carman with a load of cheese had much a-do to pass; and driving just up to the pillory, he asked, What that was written over the person's head? they told him it was a paper to signify his crime, that he stood there for *forgery*. Ay, said he, What is forgery? They answered, that forgery was counterfeiting another's hand writing, with intent to cheat people. To which the carman replied, looking up at the offender, Oh, pox, that comes of your writing and reading, you silly dog.

King

King Charles II. being in company with Lord Rochester, and others of the nobility, who had been drinking the best part of the night, Killigrew came in. Now, says the king, we shall hear of our faults; No, faith, says Killigrew, *I do not care to trouble my head with that which all the town talks of.*

When Lord Jefferies, before he was a Judge, was pleading at the bar once, a country fellow giving evidence against his client, pushed the matter very home on the side he swore of. Jefferies, after his usual way, called out to the fellow, Hark ye, you fellow, in the leather doublet, what have you for swearing? To which the countryman smartly replied, Faith, sir, if you had no more for *lying*, than I have for *swearing*, you might e'en wear a leather doublet too.

The same Jefferies afterwards on the bench, told an old fellow with a long beard, that he supposed he had a conscience as long as his beard. Does your lordship, replied the old man, *measure consciences by beards?* If so, your lordship has *no conscience at all.*

Lord Dorset was asking a certain bishop, Why he conferred orders on so many blockheads? Oh, my lord, said he, *it is better the ground should be ploughed by asses; than lie quite untill'd.*

Mr. Dryden once at dinner, being offered by a lady the rump of a fowl, and refusing it, the lady said, Pray, Mr. Dryden, take it, the rump is the best part of the fowl. Yes, madam, said he, and so I think it is of the fair.

Apelles, the famous painter, having drawn the picture of Alexander the Great on horseback, brought it and presented it to the prince; but he not bestowing that praise on it which so excellent a piece deserved, Apelles desired

desired a living horse might be brought; who, moved by nature, fell a prancing and neighing, as though it had been actually a living creature of the same species; whereupon Apelles told Alexander, *That his horse understood painting better than himself.*

An old gentleman who had married a fine young lady, being terribly afraid of cuckoldom, took her to task one day, and asked her if she had considered what a crying sin it was in a woman to cuckold her husband? Lord, my dear, said she, what do you mean? I never had such a thing in *my head*, nor never will. No, no, my dear, replied he, *I shall have it in my head, you will have it somewhere else.*

One observing a crooked fellow in close argument with another, who would have dissuaded him from some inconsiderate resolution, said to his friend, Prithee let him alone, and say no more to him, you see he is *bent upon it.*

A vigorous young officer, who made love to a widow, coming a little unawares upon her once, caught her fast in his arms. Hey-dey, said she, do you fight after the French way, take towns before you declare war. No, faith, widow, said he, but I should be glad to imitate them so far as to be in *the middle of the country* before you could resist me.

Sir Godfrey Kneller, the painter, and the late Dr. Ratcliffe, had a garden in common, with but one gate; Sir Godfrey, upon some occasion, ordered the gate to be railed, when the doctor heard of it, he said, he did not care what Sir Godfrey did to the gate, so he did not *paint* it. This being told Sir Godfrey, Well replied he, I can take that, or any thing else but *physic*, from my good friend Dr. Ratcliffe.

An honest bluff country farmer, meeting the parson of the parish in a bye lane, and not giving him the way so readily as he expected, the parson, with an erect chest, told him he was better fed than taught. Very true, indeed sir, replied the farmer, *for you teach me, and I feed myself.*

One asking a painter how he could paint such pretty faces in his pictures, and yet get such homely children? Because, said he, I made the first by *day light*, and the other in the *dark*.

Sir John St. Leger, the Judge Jefferies of Ireland, had been remarkably severe to a number of poor wretches who were brought before him for committing depredations in that country. Paul Liddy was the captain of a banditti, who levied contributions in the part where the knight lived. Among others, he wrote to Sir John, to inform him, that if he did not deposit a certain sum in the place he mentioned, at such a time, he would set fire to his house, murder him, and *ravish* his lady.

Shortly after, by the vigilance of the knight, the captain was taken, and closely confined in irons, in the Black Dog prison. Lady St. Leger could not resist the curiosity of seeing a man, who had dared to make such a declaration. She accordingly went to the prison, where she was informed by the beautiful *Monica Gall*, a courtesan, whom *Liddy* had married, that he was too much indisposed to see any one. Upon which, her ladyship, with an insolence that reduced her below the level of the unhappy person she addressed, asked her, whether she was the villain's whore or his wife?—To which the other immediately replied, I have the misfortune to be his wife; the honour of *whore* was intended for your *ladyship*.

It chanced that a merchant ship was so violently tossed in a storm at sea, that all despairing of safety, betook themselves to prayers, saving one mariner, who was ever with-

wishing to see *two* stars. Oh ! said he, that I could see two stars, or but one of the two : and of these words he made so frequent a repetition, that disturbing the meditations of the rest, at length one asked him, what two stars, or what one star he meant ? To whom he replied, O that I could see the *Star* in the Old Change, or the *Star* in Coleman-street, I care not which.

Mr. Sharp, the surgeon, being sent for to a gentleman who had just received a slight wound in a rencounter, gave orders to his servant to go home with all haste imaginable, and fetch a certain plaister : the patient turning a little pale, Lord, Sir, said he, I hope there is no danger. Yes, indeed is there, answered the surgeon, for if the fellow does not fet up a good pair of heels, *the wound will heal before he returns.*

* A hackney coachman, who had had a pretty good day, after taking care of the horses, retired to the necessary in the coach-yard, adjoining to that appropriated to the use of his master's family, and where his master then happened to be. Our Jehu, not suspecting he had any neighbours, began to divide his earnings in a manner, said to be not uncommon among the brothers of the whip, as follows. A shilling for master,—a shilling for myself ; which he continued till he came to an odd six-pence, which puzzled him a good deal, as he was willing to make a fair division. The master overhearing his perplexity, says to him, You may as well let me have that six-pence, John, because *I keep the horses you know.*

During the late contested election at Colchester, the returning officer, who is a miller, receiving many heavy tokens of the mob's displeasure, on account of some decision which they deemed illegal. Not a little agitated on the occasion, he turned round to Mr. Rigby, and said, He hoped to God he was safe in what he had done ? O yes, rejoined Mr. R—, as safe as a *thief in a mill.*

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The honourable Mr. W—— who is remarkable for his talent at extempore verse, not many weeks ago was requested by Lady T—r—c—l, to give her a proof of it. The subject she chose was the ring on her finger—after a moment's pause he repeated the following stanza, the neatness of which has not an equal.

Your husband gave to you a ring,
Set round with jewels rare;
You gave to him a better thing,
——A ring set round with hair.

A gentleman who possesses a small estate in Gloucestershire was allured to town by the promises of a courtier, who kept him in constant attendance for a long while to no purpose; at last the gentleman, quite tired out, called upon his pretended friend, and told him, that he had at last got a place. The courtier shook him very heartily by the hand, and told him he was very much rejoiced at the event. But pray, sir, said he, where is your place? *In the Gloucester coach*, said he, Sir, I secured it last night; and you, sir, have cured me of *higher ambition*.

During the late election for Westminster, divers constables with their watchmen, were set at several places, to hinder the concourse of people from flocking thither without some necessary occasion; amongst others, one gentleman (being somewhat in the garb of a serving man) was examined what lord he belonged unto? To which he readily replied, *To the Lord, Jehovah!*—Which word being beyond the constable's understanding, he asked his watchmen, if they knew any such Lord, they replied, *No*; however, the constable being unwilling to give distaste, said, Well, let him pass, notwithstanding, I believe it to be some *Scotch Lord or other*.

The celebrated finger, Mr. Bannister, being at a gentleman's seat in the country, on a visit, where, at an
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inn adjacent; there was held a jovial meeting weekly, of gentlemen farmers and mechanics of the place. On the night appointed, the gentleman takes, in disguise, Mr. Bannister with him, in order to hear a famous blacksmith perform, who had long-bore the bell for the best pipe in the country, who unluckily was absent that night: The gentleman in order to have his place in a measure well supplied, begs our Bannister to tune his pipe, which he doing with his usual good humour, so roused and animated an honest hearty miller there, that when done, he flew from his seat, comes round to Bannister in the greatest rapture, and says, *Give me your hand, mon, egad, you sing almost as well as our blacksmith.*

A handsome young gentlewoman, of a good family and finall fortune, was asked, Why she did not apply to be maid of honour? She answered, because she could not *push for it.*

A taylor's apprentice was sent home with a suit of cloaths to a gentleman, who, the foreman told him, always gave a shilling upon those occasions; and, as that was the foreman's perquisite, charged the boy not to cheat him, by pretending he had not received so much. When the boy arrived at the gentleman's house, and delivered the cloaths, he made him a present of only six-pence.—The boy was highly chagrined at this disappointment, imagining the foreman would apprehend he had pocketed half what he had received. He therefore thought of this droll expedient. Sir, says he, to the gentleman who gave him six-pence, I wish you would give me two six-pences for a shilling. He readily consented; but when he had given the boy the change, he presented him the sixpence he had received from him. Why this is only six-pence (says the gentleman). You are mistaken sir, said the boy, *it must be a shilling, for our foreman says you always give a shilling.*

As the late Dean Swift was once upon a journey, attended by a servant, they put up at an inn, where they lodged all night; in the morning the Dean called for his boots; the servant immediately took them to him; when the Dean saw them, How is this Tom, says he, my boots are not cleaned? No, Sir, replied Tom, as you are going to ride, I thought they would soon be dirty again; Very well, said the Dean, go and get the horses ready. In the mean time the Dean ordered the landlord to let his man have no breakfast. When the servant returned, the Dean asked if the horses were ready? Yes, sir, says the servant: Go bring them out then, said the Dean, I have not had my breakfast yet, sir, says Tom; Oh, no matter for that, says the Dean, *if you had it you would soon be hungry again.* They mounted and rode off; as they rode the Dean pulled a book out of his pocket, and fell to reading, a gentleman met them, and seeing the doctor reading, was not willing to disturb him, but passed by till he met the servant. Who is that gentleman, said he, to the servant? It is my master, sir, said Tom; I know that, you blockhead, said the gentleman, but where are you going? *We are going to Heaven,* sir, says Tom. How do you know that? said the gentleman, Because I am *fasting*, and my master is *praying*, sir, so I think we are in the right road to that place.

William Penn, the quaker, once waiting upon King Charles II. kept on his hat. The King, as a gentle rebuke for his ill manners, put off his own. Friend Charles, said Penn, *Why dost thou not keep thy hat on?* Friend Penn, replied the King, it is the custom of this place, for no more than *one person* ever to be covered at a time.

General Armingers death being very sudden, and on the night of his nuptials, a Maid of Honour asked Mr. Chace Price the cause of it. Miss, replied the wit, the general died of a *parenthesis*.

During his Majesty's last painful illness, that eminent physician, Dr. Zimmermam of Hanover, attended him. One day, when he waited upon his Majesty, the King said to him,—*You have, Sir, I suppose, helped many into another world.*—*Not so many,* replied Zimmermam, *as your Majesty, nor with so much honour to myself.*

While the King was laying out his garden at Sans-Souci, a mill was in his way, and he ordered the miller to be treated with for the purchase of it. The miller was very loth to sell his mill, and the King offered to build him another in any part of the country he should chuse. But all was in vain; the miller would not part with the old family mill. *Don't you know,* said the King, *that if I please I may take your mill, turn you out, and not pay you a farthing for it?*—*Aye,* replied the miller, *that you might, if there was no such thing as a supreme court of justice at Berlin.* The King laughed heartily, left him his mill, and altered the whole plan of his garden.

The King once rang the bell in his cabinet; but as nobody answered, he opened the door of the antichamber, and found his page fast asleep upon a chair. He went up to wake him; but coming nearer, he observed a paper in his pocket, upon which something was written. This excited his curiosity. He pulled it out; and found that it was a letter from the page's mother, the contents of which were nearly as follows:—*'She returned her son many thanks for the money he had saved out of his salary, and had sent to her, which had proved a very timely assistance. God would certainly reward him for it; and if he continued to serve God and his king faithfully and conscientiously, he could not fail of success and prosperity in this world.'*—Upon reading this, the King slept softly into his closet, fetched a rouleau of ducats, and put it, with the letter, into the page's pocket. He then rang so long till the page awoke and came

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into the closet. 'You have been asleep, I suppose,' said the King. The page could not deny it? Itammered out an excuse; put, in his embarrassment, his hand into his pocket, and felt the rouleau of ducats. He immediately pulled it out, turned pale, and looked at the King with tears in his eyes. 'What's the matter with you?' said the King. 'Oh!' replied the page, 'somebody has contrived my ruin; I know nothing of this money.'—*What God bestows*, returned the King, *he bestows in sleep*. 'Send the money to your mother; give my respects to her, and inform her, that I will take care of both her and you.'

A short time before the King's death, a good appointment had been given to a Subaltern in his army. The warrant was, as usual, laid before the King for his approbation and signature; but, instead of signing it, *he drew under it a man hanging upon a gallows*; having recollected some particular occurrence in which he had behaved improperly, and rendered himself unworthy of promotion.

A celebrated Chief Justice being on the midland circuit, a Mr. Shirley, of the county of Leicester, was brought before him, charged with having committed a rape on the body of one of his tenant's daughter's; the judge was remarkable for possessing an uncommon share of delicacy, and therefore, on the day preceding that of the intended trial, ordered the crier of the court to give notice that it would come on the next morning at seven o'clock; thereby trusting that the female sex would absent themselves on such an occasion: instead of which the ladies came pouring in numbers into the court by six o'clock: at length the judge having heard all that the witnesses had to say in support of the charge, desired the prisoner would enter upon his defence. Mr. Shirley therefore informed the court, that as he was one evening walking over the ground, he espied his prosecutrix carry away a bundle of faggots from a pile that belonged to him, and observing that she was a handsome girl, he jocosely told her, if ever he caught her repeating the

transgression, he would assuredly repay himself in a way most agreeable to his wishes. Business calling him the next day to town, he was absent about a fortnight, and on his return home, one of his servants desired to know whether he had given permission to a young woman to carry away faggots from such a pile, for that she had done it every evening since his departure, it immediately recurred to him that it must be the girl he had seen before; and about the same hour he repaired to the old spot, where he had not waited long before she made her appearance: to be brief, he jocularly desired the girl to make *personal restitution*, which without hesitation or reluctance she complied with, Mr. Shirley, in short was honourably acquitted, but before he departed the court, the judge desired to give him one piece of advice; if, says his lordship, you should ever find a woman stealing your faggots again, do not threaten her with such a punishment, for if you do, believe me that the *Ladies in the gallery will not leave you a stick in your hedge.*

Lord Peterborough, when a young man, and about the time of the Revolution, had a passion for a lady who was fond of birds. She had seen and heard a fine canary bird at a coffee-house near Charing-cross, and entreated him to get it for her. The owner of it was a widow, and Lord Peterborough offered to buy it at a great price, which she refused. Finding there was no other way of coming at the bird, he determined to change it; and getting one of the same colour, with nearly the same marks, but which happened to be a hen, he went to the house. The mistress of it usually sat in a room behind the bar, to which he had easy access. Contriving to send her out of the way, he effected his purpose; and upon her return, took his leave. He continued to frequent the house, to avoid suspicion; but forbore saying any thing of the bird, till about two years after; when, taking occasion to speak of it, he said to the woman,—*I would have bought that bird of you, and you refused my money for it; I dare say you are by this time sorry for it. — Indeed, Sir,* answered the woman, *I am not; nor would I take any sum for him; for, would you believe it? from the time that our good King was forced to go abroad and leave us, the dear creature has not sung a note.*

Sam. Foote was invited to a convivial meeting at the house of the late Sir Francis Blake Delaval. Lord Sandwich was one of the guests upon the same occasion. When the Comedian entered, the peer exclaimed, What are you still alive? Yes, my Lord, replied Foote. Pray, Sam. retorted his lordship, which do you think will happen to you first, *the experience of a certain disease, or an intimate acquaintance with the gallows?* Why, rejoined the comedian, that depends upon circumstances, and they are these, *whether I prefer embracing your lordship's mistress, or your principles.*

A young fellow, who had more fortune than wit, being at dinner, at the house of a gentleman of distinction, a young lady that was there was taken with a fainting fit, and while every body hastened to her assistance, some with smelling bottles, and some with other helps, proper on such occasion; says the spark, with a sneer, *There is no great danger, I suppose it only a breeding qualm;* Sir, says a gentleman that sat near him, with a severe tone of voice, the lady is a sister of mine, *and has been a widow these two years.* Pardon me, replied the spark, who did not extremely like his looks, and was willing to palliate the offence, *she looks so young and innocent, that I took her for a maid.*

Some gentlemen coming out of a tavern pretty merry, a link boy cried, have a light, gentlemen? Light yourself to the devil, you dog, says one of the company, Bless you, master, replied the boy, *I can find the way in the dark; shall I light your honor there.*

A gentleman riding through a river, which he supposed deep, bid his servant go before. But he, to shew his politeness, replied, *I never will be guilty of so much ill-manners, pray, sir do you cross over first.*

A man having a scolding wife, he swore he would drown himself; she followed him, and desired him to forbear, at least to let her speak with him. Speak quickly

quickly then, says he. Pray husband, if you will needs drown yourself, pray take my council, *to go into a deep place, for it will grieve my heart to see you a long time dying.*

In a great storm at sea, when all expected to be cast away, they went to prayers; in the midst of their devotion, a boy falls a laughing. The captain asked him, what he meant by it? Why, truly, sir, said he *I laugh at that man's fiery nose there, to think what a hissing it will make by and by, when it comes into the water.*

A physician's horse being out of order, he sent him to the farrier to be cured, which being done, the Doctor went to pay him, No, said the farrier, *We doctors never take any money one of another.*

As a thief was going to the gallows out of the town, near Norwich, many boys, ran to see the execution; which he seeing, called to them, saying, Boys, you need not make so much haste, *for there will be no sport till I come.*

A young bride undressing herself unwillingly, and crying, Well, child, says her mother, *I wish I were to take thy place to night.*

An old lady meeting a Cambridge student, asked him, how her nephew behaved himself? Truly, madam, says he, he is a brave fellow, and sticks close to *Catherine Hall*, (the name of a college there.) I vow, said she, I feared as much; he had always a *hankering after the wenches from a boy.*

A citizen was saying in company, that he had never seen an ear of rye in his life. A young lady then present, whose name was Miss Rye, said, at the same time shewing him one of her ears, Here, sir, is an ear of Rye, which, if you please, you may behold. The gentleman immediately caught hold of her
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ear, and gave her a pinch, Now, madam, said he, you have a *wry face* too.

A dispute having long subsisted in a gentleman's family, between the maid and the coachman, about fetching the cream for breakfast; the gentleman one morning called them both before him, that he might hear what they had to say, and decide accordingly. The maid pleaded, that the coachman was lounging about the kitchen the best part of the morning, yet he was so ill-natured, he would not fetch the cream for her; notwithstanding he saw she had so much to do, that she had not a moment to spare. The coachman alledged, it was none of his business. Very well, said the master; but pray what do you call your business? To take care of the horses, and clean and drive the coach, replied Jehu. You say right, answered the master, and I do not expect you to do more than I hired you for; but this I insist on, *that every morning before breakfast, you get the coach ready, and drive the maid to the farmer's for milk; and I hope you will allow that to be part of your business.*

A gentleman having a rundlet of sack in his house, a friend of his coming to visit him, he invited him down into the cellar to taste his sack; where, said he, for want of another cup, I have an excellent *Cain* to drink out of. No, I thank you, Sir, said the other, for I know, then I shall not be *Able* to come up again.

A notorious thief being to be tried for his life confessed the robbery he was charged with. The judge hereupon directed the jury to find him guilty, upon his own confession. The jury having laid their heads together, brought him in not guilty. The judge bid them consider of it again; but still they brought in their verdict, not guilty. The judge asked them the reason; The foreman replied, there is reason enough
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for we all know him to be one of the greatest liars in the world.

Dr. King, late Archbishop of Dublin, having invited several persons of distinction to dine with him, had, amongst a great variety of dishes, a fine leg of mutton and caper-sauce; but the doctor, who was not fond of butter, and remarkable for preferring a trencher to a plate, had some of the above pickles reserved dry for his own use; which, as he was mincing, he called aloud to the company to observe him: I here present you, my lords and gentlemen, said he, with a sight that may henceforward serve you to talk of as something curious, *That you saw an archbishop of Dublin, at fourscore and seven years of age, cut capers upon a trencher.*

Some years ago, Dr. Johnson being in company with Foote, the emigration of the Scotch to London became the subject of conversation. Foote insisted that the emigrants were as numerous in the former, as in the present reign; the doctor the contrary. This dispute continued with a friendly warmth for some time, when Johnson called out, you are certainly in the wrong, Sam; but I see how you are deceived; you cannot distinguish them now as formerly, for the fellows all come *breeched to the capital of late years.*

Three young Cantabs went one evening to a coffee-house near St. James's, being recommended to it for the goodness of the wine, particularly old hock; one of them, who took upon himself to be the wit of the company, ordered the waiter to bring a bottle of *hic, hæc, hoc*. However, the waiter paid no attention to his command; and, upon being called again, was damned for a stupid rascal, and asked the reason why he did not bring the hock. Really, gentlemen, said he, I thought you had *declined it.*

Two girls of Whitechapel, disputing about precedence, one the daughter of a gentleman of small fortune. You are to consider, miss, said the brewer's daughter, that my pappa keeps a coach. Very true, madam, said the other, and you are to consider that he likewise keeps a dray.

Mrs.———who had married a husband of great good nature, but a little deficient in point of understanding, was reproached by her brother-in-law, who told her in derision, that she had coupled herself to a fool. So has my sister, says she, *for no man of sense would ever endeavour to give any woman a mean opinion of her husband.*

A certain highwayman used to rob on the highway, dressed in the attire of a clergyman, and it was observed by a wit, *he like them collected his tythes.*

An Oxford scholar being informed that a carrier who stopped at the door, was an arch fellow, thus attacked him. Why, they tell me my friend, that you are a very wise man. May be so, says the fellow. And that you know all London, continued the scholar, and every body in it; pray can you tell me, where I live? In *Knave's Acre*, says the carrier; Ay, but I am about to move, says the Oxonian: *And that will be to Tyburn*, quoth the other.

A few weeks ago, as a gentleman in one of the coffee-houses East of Temple-bar, was reading to a group of city politicians, the late famous speech of Lord Shelburne, in which his lordship expressed his opinion, That our very women were able to beat back the French, if they should attempt an invasion of this country; a naval gentleman immediately jumped up, and striking his fist against the table, cried, Right, my boy! damme if I doubt it, and I hope to see the day that some of the *Monsieurs* shall receive a sound drubbing from a British ship manned with women.

A gentleman crossing Ludgate Street, was applied to by a man who sweeps the crossing for charity. The gentleman replied, I am going a little farther, and will remember you when I return. Please your honour, says the man, *it is unknown the credit I give in this way.*

A gentleman who had a numerous family, observing once at a table, that thank God he could digest any thing; another asked him how he digested his ten children? O, sir, said the gentleman, *I bring them up.*

An Indian chief being asked his opinion of a cask of Madeira wine, presented to him by an officer in the Company's service, said, he thought it a juice extracted from womens tongues and lions hearts; for after he had drank a bottle of it, he said, *he could talk for ever and fight the devil.*

A young man assured a young woman that he would do any thing to serve her. If I was poor and necessitous, said the lady, I make no doubt but you would express yourself in a different manner. Indeed, madam, I would not, replied Tom, *for if you was naked I would cover you.*

A man in Flanders dreamed one night that he was a cuckold, so he went to a priest to desire him to confess his wife, especially in that point. Well, says the priest to him, because you are my loving friend, I will lend you my gown and hood, and you shall take her confession yourself. This very priest had lain with this man's wife several times; so while he was waiting for his wife's coming, the priest went and told her the intrigue, and that her husband was to take her confession; so when she came to him, and after many simple questions that he asked her, confessed to him, *that she had only lain with three men; that was a young man, an old man, and a Friar;* so he came home, as he thought, undiscovered; as he was at work, he would often be crying, the young

man, the old man, and the friar. Troth, husband, I believe the Priest has told what I confessed to him, and I did indeed confes to him, for I did so, I lay with a young man, an old man and a friar; and yet, husband, these three are but one; for I lay with you when you were a young man, and I lie with you now you are an old man, and are you not the friar which I made my confession to? Therefore all these three were only you, my dear husband. Is it so, my honest and chaste wife? Well, *by my faith, thou hast given me such great satisfaction in point of thy honesty, that I should be both fool and knave to question it any more.*

An impudent fellow dined so often at a gentleman's house, that he grew quite weary of him: and seeing him there one day desired dinner to be put back. The fellow after waiting some time, enquired when dinner would come up. Truly, Sir, says the servant, *not till you are gone, so it is but a folly for you to stay.*

A Philosopher being blamed by a stander-by, for defending an argument weakly against the emperor Adrian, replied, *What, would you have me contend with a man that commands thirty legions of soldiers.*

A painter turned physician, upon which change, a friend applauded him, saying, you have done well; for before, *your faults could be discovered by the naked eye, but now they are hid.*

It being told Antigonus, in order to intimidate him, as he marched to the field of battle, that the enemy would shoot such volleys of arrows as would intercept the light of the sun. I am glad of that, replied he, *for it being very hot, we shall then fight in the shade.*

On the death of Cardinal Fleury, the Royal Academicians wished that Voltaire might succeed him as a member of that society. The ancient bishop of Mirepoix
op-

opposed Voltaire, under a pretence, that it would be an offence to God, should a profane person, like him, succeed a Cardinal.

Mirepoix was a dull bigot, and Voltaire took all opportunities to laugh at his absurdities. The Bishop usually signed his letters *Anc. Eveque*, &c. Voltaire always read *Anc*, or *Afs*, for *Acien*, or *Ancient*, and this joke passed from Paris to his correspondents in the courts abroad. Mirepoix soon heard of his nickname, and complained bitterly to the King that he was laughed at for a fool in foreign courts. *Oh!* said Louis, *that is a matter quite settled, and you must let it pass, my lord.*

Louis XIV. was told that Lord Stair was one of the best bred men in Europe. I shall soon put that to the test, said the King; and asking Lord Stair to take an airing with him, as soon as the door was opened, he bade him pass and go in. The other bowed, and obeyed. The King said, *The world is in the right in the character it gives. Another person would have troubled me with ceremony.*

King William having invited the Earl of Pembroke to one of his parties, was told that his Lordship was quarrelsome in his cups. He laughed and said, he would defy any man to quarrel with him, as long as he could make the bottle go round. What was foretold, however, happened; and Lord Pembroke was carried from the room and put to bed. When told the next morning what he had done, he hastened to the palace, and threw himself upon his knee. *No apologies*, said the King; *I was told you had no fault in the world but one, and I am glad to find it is true, for I do not like your faultless people.* Then taking him by the hand, he added, *Make not yourself uneasy, these accidents, over a bottle, are nothing among friends.*

King Charles II. being prevailed upon by one of his courtiers to knight a very worthless fellow, when he was going to lay his sword upon his shoulder, our new knight drew back, and hung down his head, as if out of countenance

tenance

tenance; *Don't be ashamed, says the King, I have the greatest reason to be so.*

Santeuil, a celebrated writer of Latin hymns, in France, during the last century, having once a confessional dress on, a lady, who took him for a confessor, fell upon her knees, and recounted all her sins. The poet muttered something to himself. The penitent, thinking he was reproaching her for her wickedness, hastened the conclusion of her confession; and, when she found the confessor quite silent, she then asked him for absolution. *What! do you take me for a priest?* said Santeuil,—*Why, then,* said the lady, quite alarmed, *did you listen to me?*—*And why,* replied Santeuil, *did you speak to me?*—*I'll this instant go and complain to your prior,* said the enraged female.—*and I,* said the poet, *will go to your husband, and give him a full account of your conduct.*

A few days after the Rye-house Plot, Charles II. was walking in St. James's Park, without guards or attendants; the duke of York afterwards remonstrated with him on the imprudence of his conduct. *Take care of yourself, brother James,* replied the King: *Don't make yourself uneasy about me; for no man will kill me, to make you king.*

A clown once took a fancy to hear the Latin disputes of doctors at a university. He was asked what pleasure he could take in viewing such combatants, when he could never know so much as which of the parties had the better. *For that matter,* replied the clown, *I an't such a fool neither, but I can see who's the first that puts Cether in a passion.*

When Congreve was asked by a court lady, why, in his comedies, he made so free with the sex? *Because,* said the bard, *I draw my characters from nature.*

Some time after the late Lord Waldegrave abjured the catholic religion, he was sent ambassador to France, where

where he resided several years. Being one day at an entertainment where his cousin the duke of Berwick, and many other noblemen, were present, the duke wanting to mortify him on the score of religion, asked his lordship, whether the *ministers* of state, or the *ministers* of the gospel, had the greatest share in his conversion?—*I am astonished, my lord duke, says Waldegrave, how you can ask me such a question! Do not you know, that when I quitted the Roman Catholic religion, I left off confession.*

Several years ago, Dr. Arne produced an operetta at Covent-garden theatre, called *The Rose*, which, though there were many scriptural allusions in it, was hissed off the stage the first night. Foote getting into the lobby of the house just after its fate, was asked by an acquaintance, what he really thought of it.—*Why, attending the piety of it, says the wit, I must confess I never saw a piece so justly damned in my life.*

Rochefoucault, the French Rochester of Louis the fourteenth's court, having offended the king, hired a dung-cart, and stripping himself quite naked, got up to the chin in it, just as his majesty was passing through the streets of Paris in state. The dung-cart man, as instructed, immediately fell a wrangling with one of the king's postillions, which occasioned so much noise, that the king put his head out of the window to know what was the matter. Rochefoucault, watching the opportunity, raised himself forward in the cart, all bemired as he was, and bowing very respectfully to his majesty, replied,—*Nothing at all, sire, but that your coachman and mine have had a fracas together.*

When a certain nobleman was made lord lieutenant of Ireland, it was hinted to him that the crown would spare him the trouble of looking out for a secretary. His lordship, however, immediately replied, that he had fixed upon one already, an attorney of his acquaintance, whose honour, good sense, and fidelity, he had the
greatest

greatest assurances of. *Poh, poh*, says the officer of the crown, who was speaking to him, *all that may be, but then he'll not do for a secretary.*—*There you and I differ*, says his lordship, ending the conversation, *I know of no place that a man of good sense and integrity is not fit for.*

Professor Smith, of Glasgow was enumerating to Dr. Johnson the many fine prospects which were to be seen at Edinburgh and its environs. When he had done, Dr. Johnson said, "*I believe you have forgot to mention the best prospect of the whole. What is that?*" said the professor:—*The road from Edinburgh to London.*

During the last war with France, Lord Howe was suddenly awakened from his sleep by an officer, who, in haste, told him the ship was on fire close to the powder-room. His lordship coolly replied,—*If it is so, we shall soon know it.* Some minutes afterwards, the lieutenant returned, and told his lordship he had no occasion to be afraid, for the fire was extinguished. *Afraid?* replied lord Howe, hastily; —*What do you mean by that, sir, I never was afraid in my life!*

When the Duke of Nivenois was Ambassador in England, he was going down to Lord Townshend's seat in Norfolk, on a private visit, quite dishabille, and with only one servant, when he was obliged, from a very heavy shower of rain, to stop at a farm-house in the way. The master of the house was a clergyman, who, to a poor curacy, added the care of a few scholars in the neighbourhood, which, in all, might make his living about 80*l.* a year, and which was all he had to maintain a wife and six children. When the duke alighted, the clergyman, not knowing his rank, begged him to come in and dry himself, which the other accepted, by borrowing a pair of old worsted stockings and slippers of him, and warming himself by a good fire. After some conversation, the duke observed an old chess-board hanging up; and as he was passionately fond of that game,
he

he asked the clergyman whether he could play? The other told him, he could, pretty tolerably; but found it very difficult, in that part of the country, to get an antagonist.—*I am your man*, says the Duke.—*With all my heart*, says the parson,—*and if you'll stay and eat pot luck, I'll try if I can't beat you*. The day continuing rainy, the duke accepted his offer; when the parson played so much better, that he won every game. This was so far from fretting the Duke, that he was highly pleased to meet a man who could give him such entertainment at his favourite game. He accordingly enquired into the state of his family affairs,—and just taking a memorandum of his address, without discovering his title, thanked him, and departed. Some months passed over, and the clergyman never thought any thing of the matter; when, one evening, a footman in laced livery rode up to the door, and presented him with the following billet:

*The duke of Nivernois's compliments wait on the Rev. Mr. —, and, as a remembrance for the good drubbing he gave him at chess, begs that he would accept of the living of —, worth 400*l.* per annum, and that he will wait on his grace the duke of Newcastle on Friday next, to thank him for the same.*—The good parson was some time before he could imagine it any thing more than a jest, and was not for going; but as his wife insisted on his trying, he came up to town, and found the contents of the billet literally true, to his unspeakable satisfaction.

Mr. Quin was at Tunbridge for his health, when a certain oratorical gentleman burst out into such extravagant fits of laughter, in the assembly room, that he drew the observation of all the company upon him. Coming up to Quin, he asked him, if he had ever seen a man in such spirits before?—Yes, once, replied the wit, *but then he was in Moorfields*.

Mr. Quin, upon his first coming to Bath found himself very extravagantly charged for eatables and drinkables, as well as lodging and washing. At the end of the first

first week, he took aside Mr. Nash, Master of the Ceremonies, who invited him to Bath, as being the cheapest place in England for a man of taste and a *bon vivant*. Mr. Nash, who loved his joke, and knew that Quin loved a pun as well as himself, replied, *They have acted by you upon truly Christian principles. How so?* says Quin:—*Why,* returned Nash, *you was a stranger and they took you in.*—*Av, but,* said Quin, *they have fleeced me, instead of cloathing me.*

The Master of the Ceremonies was a few nights after, in company with Quin, when he was in one of his satirical moods, and attempting to take off most of those who were present. Nash, expecting to be the next, got up, and was upon the point of retiring. Quin asked him the reason why he went so soon?—*To which he replied, In order to save you the trouble of taking me off, I think it is best to take myself off.*

As Quin and another gentleman were passing one evening through St. Paul's Church yard, their attention was attracted by a mob of people, who were assembled to hear a man relate, *That there had been a chimney on fire in the Brough; that he had seen, with his own eyes, the engines go, in order to extinguish it; but that it was quite got under before they arrived.* Upon seeing the attention of such a concourse of people attracted by so very unentertaining a detail, Mr. Quin and his friend could not help reflecting upon the natural curiosity of Englishmen, which was excited by the most trifling circumstance;—and very frequently by no circumstance at all. *Let us try,* said Quin, *an experiment upon our countrymen's curiosity.* This was immediately agreed to; and they accordingly repaired to the opposite side of the church-yard, where, having taken a convenient stand, and staring up to the stone gallery. Quin gravely said, *This is about the time.*—*Yes,* replied the other, taking out his watch, and looking at it under a lamp, *this was precisely the time it made its appearance last night.* They had now collected at least

least a dozen inquisitive spectators, who, fixing their eyes upon the people, asked, *What was to be seen?* To this Mr. Quin replied, *That the ghost of a lady who had been murdered, had been seen to walk round the rails of the stone gallery for some evenings, and that she was expected to walk again to-night.* This information was presently spread through the multitude, which, by this time, was augmented to at least a hundred. All eyes were fixed upon the stone gallery, and imagination frequently supplied the place of reality, in making them believe they saw something move on the top of the ballustrade. The joke having thus taken, Quin and his companion withdrew, went and passed the evening at the Half-moon tavern, in Cheap-side, and, upon their return, between twelve and one, the crowd still remained in eager expectation of the ghost's arrival.

Charles V. Emperor of Germany, passing once by a village of Arragon, on Easter-day, a person met him, who, according to the custom of the country, was crowned Paschal King, and said, gravely to him,—*Sir, it is I that am king.*—*Much good may it do you,* says the Emperor as gravely; *you have chosen a troublesome employment.*

A philosopher and a wit were crossing from Harwich to Holland, and a high swell rising, the philosopher seemed under great apprehensions lest he should go to the bottom.—*Why,* observed the wit, *that will suit your genius to a title; as for my part, you know I am only for skimming the surface of things.*

Mr. Pope, who, notwithstanding his diminutive and misshapen figure, was not a little vain of his person, having asked Swift what people thought of him in Ireland: *Why,* said Swift, *they think you are a very little man, but a very great poet.*—Pope retorted with some acrimony.—*They think the very reverse of you in England.*

It

It is related of Mr. Addison, who, though an elegant writer, was too diffident of himself ever to shine as a public speaker, that at the time of debating the Union Act in the House of Commons, he rose up, and addressing himself to the Speaker, said, *Mr. Speaker, I conceive*—but could go no farther;—then rising again, he said, *Mr. Speaker, I conceive*—Still unable to proceed he sat down again. A third time he arose, and was still unable to say any thing more than—*Mr. Speaker, I conceive*;—when a certain young member, who was possessed of more effrontery and volubility, arose and said, *Mr. Speaker, I am very sorry to find that the Honourable Gentleman over the way has conceived three times, and brought forth nothing.*

A certain genius, who had more wit than prudence, could not avoid observing the great attachment his patron's lady had to the vociferous bawling vulgarly called scolding; and in one of his scribbling moods he penned an ode to a vixen, which he thought so good a piece, that he could not refrain shewing it to his friend, who was greatly pleased with the thought, and desired a copy. *Why should you want a copy, sir,* replied the wit, *when you have been so long in possession of the original.*

An Irishman being in company, was joked on the inaccuracy of their talk and their frequent blunders in conversation: To which he replied, he thought the pope had misplaced their tongue as well as their legs, *which were unusually thickest at bottom.*

A Scotch clergyman, whose wife was a descendant of the famous Xantippe, in going through a course of lectures on the Revelations of St. John, imbibed from this obtruse writer an opinion that the sex had no souls, and were incapable of future punishment. It was no sooner known in the country, that he maintained this doctrine, than he was summoned before a presbytery of his brethren,

to

to be dealt with according to his delinquency. When he appeared at the bar, they asked him, if he really held so heretical an opinion. He told them plainly that he did. On desiring to be informed of his reason for so doing—*In the Revelation of St. John the divine, said he, you will find this passage, And there was silence in heaven for about half an hour.* Now I appeal to all of you, whether that could have happened, had there been any women there; and charity forbids us to imagine that they were in a worse place: thereby it follows, that they have no immortal part, and are exempted from being accountable for all the noise and disturbance they have raised in this world.

A Roman Catholic gentleman went a partridge-shooting along with a protestant neighbour of his on his fast-day; they were driven about noon, by a thunder-storm, to a little public-house, where they could get nothing to eat but some bacon and eggs. The good Catholic had a tender conscience, and would eat nothing but eggs; the Protestant, his companion, who was one of your good sort of people, said, there could be no harm in his eating a bit of bacon with his eggs; that bacon could not be called flesh; that it was no more than a red-herring; it is fish, as one may say. So the Catholic took a bit of bacon with his eggs: But just as he had put it into his mouth, there came a most tremendous clap of thunder; upon which the poor Catholic slipped it down upon his plate again, muttering to himself—What a noise here is about a bit of bacon! He foolishly fancied now, the sin was in his eating the bacon. No such matter: it was his want of faith. He had not a proper faith in his own superstitious principles.

Dean Swift used to say—I hate Lent; I hate different diets, and frumity with butter, and herb porridge, and the four devout faces of people who only put on religion for seven weeks.

A bar

A barber who generally shaves for a penny, and had lately the good fortune to marry a handsome wife, with a trifle of money, happened to call in at a neighbour's, who keeps a school; the children at that time were reading their lesson, and one of the boys coming to the following passage in the New Testament, viz. *It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven*; the barber suddenly started and turned pale, and with tears cried out, *If that is the case, the Lord have mercy upon me, what will become of my poor soul!*

Curious Sign Post in the Country.

BEARDS TAKIN OF AND REGISTURD!

BY ISAAC FAC-TOTUM.

Barber, Peri-wig-maker, Surgon, Parijh clark, School-master, Blacksmith, and Man-widwife.

Shaves for a penne, cuts hare for two-pense, and oyld and powdird into the bargain. Young ladys genteely edicated in reding, righting, &c. Lamps lited by the yere or quarter. Young gentlemen also taut there grammer langwage in the neatest maner, and great kear takan of their morels and spelin. Also, salm singing and horse shewing by the real maker! likewise makes and mends all sorts of Butes and shoes, teches the Ho boy and Jews harp, cuts corns, bleds and blisters on the lowest terms; glisters and purgins at a penne a peace. Cowtillions and other dances taut at hoam and abroad. Also, deals hole-fale and retale—Pirfumary in all its branchis. Sells all sorts of stationary wair, together with blacking balls, red herrins, gingerbred and cole. Scrubbin brushès, treycle,
mouce

mouce traps, and other sweetmetes. Likewise, godfathers cordal, red rutes, tatoes, fassages, and other gardin stuff, with the best tobacco by the ream, quire or single sheat, and so on.

P. S. I teaches joggrefy, and them out-landish kind of things. A bawl on Wensdays, and Frydays. All performed (God willin)

By Me, ISAA FAC-TOTUM.

N. B. Also, likewise, bewary of counterfeits; for such is abroad.

* * * This the only origanel inventor of that famousest licker so much in woge called cuckholds cumfert or arts heafe—If you wont believe me—ax the landlord and he will give you a glafs o taste—but you must give him the money for it first.

At the time the famous Jew Bill was debating in the House of Commons Mr. Pelham finding the arguments running strongly against him, and that Mr. L——, who had a very happy method of delivery, had made no small impression by his last harangue, rose up and told the following story.—“ I remember (said he) travelling a few years ago, in Somersetshire, with two ladies who were sisters. We were in a very easy carriage,—the roads were remarkably good,—and we went on particularly pleasant. Notwithstanding this, one of the ladies was in continual terror, crying out at every little jolt,—‘ O, dear sir, we shall be over!—We shall certainly be killed!—I wish I had never ventured on this journey!—Bless me! there again!—well, we shall positively never get out alive.’—Finding this lady so extremely timorous and apprehensive, I enquired of her sister whether the coachman was a sober man, and understood his business. To which I was answered,—‘ She had never seen him intoxicated,—that he had driven them for many years, without any accident having ever happened,—and that there was not a more able coachman in the whole country. I then enquired if he was acquainted with the road? To this I was also answered,—‘ Nobody knew it better, and that

that he had driven them that very road, at least fifty times. These informations made me greatly astonished at the lady's terrors, which not only continued, but seemed much increased. Her sister, perceiving my surprise at her behaviour, desired me—to make myself quite easy, for that her sister was really under no apprehensions; but that fancying herself possessed of an agreeable voice she took every opportunity of hearing it.

Sir John Barber had a son, whose resemblance to his father was but very faint. In a course of extravagance, he had tired himself of this kingdom; and as it was likewise the fashion to travel, he accordingly demanded an audience of Sir John, to whom he communicated his intention, and asked the Knight's assistance to enable him to perform it in *tale*. I wish, added he, for nothing more, than an opportunity of seeing the world. Sir John listened to him with great attention, and replied, —Indeed, Jack, I am much pleased with your intention, and have not the least objection to your travelling and seeing the world, provided the world could not see you.

Soon after the accession of King James to the crown of England, in one of the tours he made round his kingdom, he was entertained by the Earl of Scarborough, at his seat at Lumley Castle. A right reverend bishop, a relation of his lordship, who was there on a visit at the same time, thinking, no doubt, to possess his Majesty with a grand idea of the importance of the family of his noble relative, began to make his Majesty acquainted with a genealogical detail of every person who had existed in a long continued line of his lordship's progenitors, and attempted to deduce the origin of the family from a period so remote, that it exceeded every degree of credibility. The King, whose patience was at length quite exhausted, stopped short the reverend genealogist's narration, by saying, *Dear Sir!—go no farther;—let me digest this knowledge I have gained;—for, upon my honour, I never knew before that Adam's surname was Lumley.*

The

The late Dr. Stukeley, one day by appointment, paid a visit to Sir Isaac Newton. The servant said he was in his study. No one was permitted to disturb him there; but as it was near his dinner-time, the visitor sat down to wait for him. In a short time, a boiled chicken, under a cover was brought in for dinner. An hour passed, and Sir Isaac did not appear. The Doctor then ate the fowl; and, covering up the empty dish, desired the servant to get another dressed for his master. Before that was ready, the great man came down. He apologized for his delay, and added,—*Give me but leave to take my short dinner, and I shall be at your service. I am fatigued and faint.*—Saying this, he lifted up the cover, and, without any emotion, turned about to Stukeley with a smile, *See, he says, what we studious people are!—I forgot that I had dined.*

No man would submit to the payment of taxes, if he knew how, consistently with the duty of a good subject, he could possibly avoid it; and though an Englishman, oppressed as he is with a still increasing catalogue of national burthens *at home*, may consent to bear them without much murmur, as being an unavoidable effect of the embarrassment of the state, yet his very soul revolts at every imposition in the form of taxation, to which he may find himself exposed by the *despotic police of a foreign power*—a power especially, which he has always been taught to consider as the *natural enemy of his country, and the determined subverter of all its dearest interests.*

The late Lord Chesterfield happened to be at a route in France, where Voltaire was one of the guests. Chesterfield seemed to be gazing about the brilliant circle of ladies, when Voltaire thus accosted him:—*My Lord, I know you are a judge; which are more beautiful, the English or French ladies?*—*Upon my word*, replied his Lordship, with his usual presence of mind, *I am no connoisseur in paintings.*—Some time after this, Voltaire being in London, happened to be at a nobleman's rout with Lord Chesterfield. A lady in company, prodigiously painted, directed her whole discourse to Voltaire, and entirely engrossed

grossed his conversation. Chesterfield came up, and tapped him on the shoulder, saying, *Sir, take care, you are not captivated.*—My Lord, replied the French wit, *I scorn to be taken by an English bottom under French colours.*

One night before the publication of his *Shakespeare*, Dr. Johnson supped with some friends in the Temple, who kept him up, *nothing loth*, till past five the next morning. Much pleasantry was passing on the subject of commentatorship; when, all on a sudden, the doctor, looking at his watch, cried out,—*This is sport to you, gentlemen; but you do not consider that there are at most only four hours between me and criticism.*

When Columbus, after having discovered the Western hemisphere, was, by order of the King of Spain, brought home from America in chains, the captain of the ship, who was intimately acquainted with his character, his knowledge, and abilities, offered to free him from his fetters, and make his passage as agreeable as possible. But Columbus rejected his friendly offer, saying,—*Sir, I thank you; but these chains are the rewards and honour for my services, from my King, whom I have served as faithfully as my God: and as such I will carry them with me to my grave.*

Some years ago, a farmer, who lived near the seat of a naval Duke, not over fond of close quarters and great guns, made complaint that his Grace and servants rode over his fields, which they considerably damaged; and told his Grace that he was very sorry he should have any reason to complain. The Duke, in a haughty and contemptuous manner replied—*What do you mean, sir, by interrupting me in this manner? I and my servants shall ride over them again.*—The farmer, astonished at such unsatisfactory answer, said,—*I am very sorry, my Lord Duke, that I must take some method to keep your Grace and servants off:—I'll put a French man of war just at the entrance of the field.* The poor Duke walked off without returning any answer.